£1,000 INSURANCE. SPECIAL TO STAMP COLLECTORS. £1,000 INSURANCE.

Dunville's V.R. Whisky BELFAST. OF ALL DEALERS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

ZOX CURES TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, AND ALL PAINS. Of Chemists, 1/- & 2/6 PER BOX. ZOX Coy., 225, Jamaica Rd., London, S.E.

No. 249.] TRADE MARK AT STATIONERS' HALL. WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Mild in operation and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

SPLENDID TONIC. GENTLE APERIENT.

TRADE NORTON'S MARK

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, & 11/- each. By all Medical Vendors throughout the World.
Ask for "Norton's Camomile Pills," and do not be persuaded to purchase an Imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S, LIMITED, 21, SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.

100 Years' Reputation AS BEING AN UNEQUALLED REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION SICK-HEADACHE BILIOUSNESS DEBILITY STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

"The Distingue" WATERPROOF.

FOR ALL WEATHERS AND ALL WEARERS.

"Never mind the Barometer, a 'DISTINGUE' is always useful in either wet or fine weather."

In Dry Weather it serves as a Mantle.
To Rain or Storm it offers Absolute Defiance.

Free from Disagreeable Odour. Perfection of Style and Finish. Charming Patterns.
A Perfect Waterproof Mantle.

THESE WATERPROOFS CAN NOW BE HAD WITH THE INSIDE RUBBER SURFACE IN CHARMING DESIGNS, IN APPEARANCE EXACTLY LIKE A WOVEN LINING. ASK FOR "THE DISTINGUÉ" ART PROOFING.

TO BE HAD FROM LEADING DRAPERS, MANTLE HOUSES, CLOTHIERS, &c.

Be careful to ask for "The DISTINGUÉ," and see that every Waterproof has a silk label, bearing the words "The Distingué," without which none are guaranteed.

Retailers can obtain all the Latest Novelties from the principal Wholesale Warehousemen in the United Kingdom.

BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

The 'Queen' of Toilet Preparations

FOR ALL SEASONS, IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
during the changing weather.
REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c.
Refuse all Imitations. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either size sent post free for 3d. extra, direct by the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

Bordered. per doz. Children's, 1/3 Ladies' 2/3 Gents' 3/3
Hem-stitched. per doz. Ladies' 2/9 Gents' 3/11

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra.)

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Myra's Journal.

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

THE BEST SOAP FOR SPRING CLEANING.

THE SOAP FOR HARD WATER. THE SOAP FOR SOFT WATER.

LATHERS FREELY IN THE HARDEST WATER

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

A Household Requisite.

LARGEST SALE OF ANY TABLETS IN THE WORLD

THE SOAP FOR HOT WATER. THE SOAP FOR COLD WATER

"Cadbury's"

"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."
The Analyst.

NO CHEMICALS USED.
(As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas.)

"Some necessaries that I needs must use."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II., Scene 4.

The new Song of the Shirt.

Oh men with sisters dear!
Oh men with mothers and wives!
If you'll buy MILWARDS' NEEDLES
They'll not wear out the eyes.

Sample Packets of Wonderful Calyx-eyed (thread without threading) or Milwards' Best (ordinary make), 3d. Post Free from the Works, Washford Mills, Redditch.

WORLD RENOWNED.

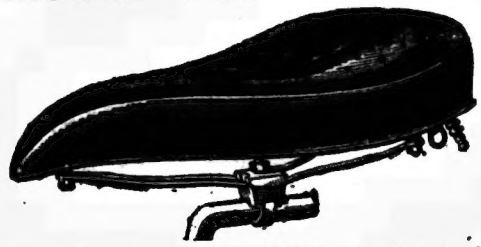
GUTHRIE-HALL PATENT AIR SADDL.

Ridden by Princes, Sultans, &c., &c., &c.

Praised by Cyclists, Press, and Medical Men.

THOUSANDS SOLD. A TREAT FOR LADY CYCLISTS.

PRICE 15s.
With Ventilation Pad
17s.
POST FREE.
Send for List of Testimonials and Press Opinions.



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STATE SIZE OF PIN.

The GUTHRIE-HALL Co., Ltd., 54, Collingwood Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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IF YOU COUGH TAKE

GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Throat Irritation. Contain no Poison. Act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs. In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price from the Wholesale Depot:

FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

RULES FOR STARCHING.

A most valuable little book for those who do their starching at home.

Post free for Two Stamps.

C. CHANCELLOR & Co., London, E.C.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Twelve-page pamphlet containing useful Domestic Hints.

Post Free, 1d.

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HUTTON'S IRISH LINEN.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS, four fold, all pure linen, 4/11 per dozen. Made special to pattern, 6/6 per dozen.

WHITE SHIRTS, all linen fittings, 3/9, 4/9, 5/9, and 6/9 each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2yds. square, 2/11 each; 2 by 2½yds., 5/8 each. **DINNER NAPKINS,** 5/6 per dozen.

NURSERY DIAPER, all pure flax, 4½d. per yard. **IRISH LINEN** Sheeting, fully bleached, 2yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Strong **HUCK TOWELS,** 4/6 per doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' size, 2/3, Hemstitched, 2/11 per dozen; Gents' size, 3/6, Hemstitched, 4/11 per dozen; also finer qualities. Monograms and initials beautifully embroidered at a trifling cost.

IRISH TWEEDS, all pure wool, unsurpassed for durability and strength. Business Suits for hard wear, to measure, 37/6. Trousers, 9/9 per pair. Over 100 patterns to select from.

OLD SHIRTS made equal to new, refitted with fine Irish linen, new fronts, neckbands, and cuffs, 2/6 each, returned ready for wear.

Samples and Price Lists Free.

Parcels over 20s. carriage paid.

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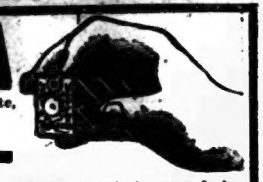
KOMBI CAMERA

Snap Shot or Time Exposure. Complete, with strip of film for 25 Exposures.



NOT A TOY. SCIENTIFIC. PRACTICAL. INDESTRUCTIBLE. CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. CARRIED IN POCKET. SIZE, 2 x 1½ INS. WEIGHT, 4 OZS. TAKES PICTURES 1½ INS. SQUARE. (25 AT ONE LOADING).

15/-

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ALFRED C. KEMPER, MANUFACTURER.

ADAMS & HAYDEN, MANAGERS, 36, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

One-fourth Actual Size.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

PERFECT FITTING

TAILORING AND JUVENILE CLOTHING.

AT FIRST COST.

ALL GARMENTS TAILOR MADE.

NO SWEATING ALLOWED.

WRITE AT ONCE.—Hundreds of Spring Patterns sent POST FREE to any address IN THE WORLD. Self-Measure Forms, Fashion Plates, and full Instructions enclosed.

PARCELS SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

BRANCH SHOPS IN MOST TOWNS.

WM. BLACKBURN & Co., Manufacturers, LEEDS.

LADIES' COSTUMES, 9/6 POST FREE.

THE "FEDORA" COSTUME.

Our Latest Novelty—

THE "FEDORA" COSTUME.

9/6 CARRIAGE PAID IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The "FEDORA" Costume consists of Fashionable Tailor-made Skirt, made from our noted Avondale Cheviot Serge in Black and Navy Blue, with deep hem of own material, and five rows of plain stitching, with Crossover Blouse, with Berthe Frill and new Puff Sleeves, made in pretty printed Cambrics, Zephyrs, Lawns, and Chain Stripes, new designs and fast colours. The Costume is well made and finished, a perfect wonder at the price, only

Post Free. 9s. 6d. Post Free.

The Tailor-Made Costume Skirt can be had separately, price only 5/9, post free.

In ordering, please give size of waist and length of skirt in front.

We have received Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the world. Every Purchaser surprised and delighted.

PATTERNS and ILLUSTRATIONS of our NOVELTIES sent Post Free on application to THE

SHAKESPEARE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 41, 1, Milk Street, MANCHESTER.

Are you a LOVER OF FLOWERS? If so, use

MASKELL'S FERTILIZER & INSECT DESTROYER.

A highly concentrated plant-food which exterminates slugs and wire-worms.

6d. and 1s. boxes; bags (7lbs. 2s., 14lbs. 3s. 6d., 28lbs. 6s. 6d.) of florists and seedsmen. Boxes post free (9d. & 1s. 3d.) and bags (carriage paid) direct from

MASKELL & CO., N.L.R. STATION, BOW, LONDON, E.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Every description at Popular Prices.

Send for a Catalog, it will cost you nothing.

Catalog A.—For Violins, Cellos, Basses, Cornets, Saxhorns, Trombones, Clarionettes, Oboes, Flutes, Piccolos, Drums, Music Stands, Strings, and Fittings.

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Catalog C.—For Musical Boxes, from 1s. 4d. to £100. Special Boxes, with interchangeable cylinders, double springs, tune skipper and indicator, speed regulator, silent winder, and all latest improvements.

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Catalog No. 1.—Pianos, Organs, and Harmoniums (30l to 300l) to measure. Post free.

JOSEPH RILEY & SONS, CONSTITUTION HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

Without doubt the Best and Cheapest House in the Kingdom. Established nearly half a century.

NO MORE READY-MADE CLOTHING.

BAKER BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE TAILORS,

5, Eldon St., Liverpool St., London, E.C. (One minute from Broad St. and Liverpool St. Stations.)

We make a Single Garment to Measure at Wholesale Prices, saving 50 per cent. Middlemen's Profits.

Direct from the Looms to the Wearer.

Our choice selection of Spring Patterns are now Ready, sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom, with our easy Self-Measurement Form, which will ensure a perfect fit.

FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED.

BUSINESS AND HOLIDAY SUITS 21/- TO MEASURE, in Scotch Tweeds, Homespuns, and Cheviots, acknowledged to be the cheapest and best suit ever produced, being 1s. 6d. less than any other firm in the trade.

OUR MATCHLESS CYCLING SUITS 18/6 TO MEASURE. Double Seated, lined with Pure Sanitary Wool.

NAVY BLUE SERGE SUITS 21/- TO MEASURE. Indigo Dye. Worth Double.

MORNING COAT AND VEST 21/6 TO MEASURE, In Black Diagonals, Cheviots, Serges, Vicunas, etc. Best Style and Workmanship Guaranteed.

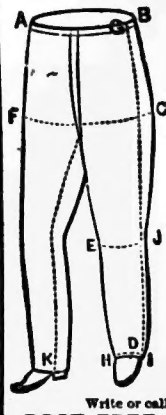
SPECIAL LEADING LINE.

Trousers, 5/-, to measure, in all-wool Tweeds. Cheapest trouser ever offered to the public. Better qualities 7/6 and 9/6.

N.B.—We do not supply common printed cloths, ours being solid Scotch and West of England goods.

We would also invite your special attention to the fact that all our garments are made strictly to measures given, and not substituted from ready-made stock. Business hours 9 till 11, Saturdays 2 o'clock. Carriage Paid on all orders to any part.

MEASURE YOURSELF.



Trousers **7/6** PER PAIR. WEST-END CUT AND STYLE. In Tweeds and Serges.

NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

SUITS To Measure, **27/6**

DRESS SUIT To Measure, **40/-**

Write or call to-day for POST-FREE PATTERNS And Self-Measurement Forms sent anywhere.

THE "OXFORD" CYCLES (First Grade), any tires, £11 11s. Weight 17lbs. Splendidly finished, and guaranteed for twelve months. Fitted with the latest improvements, Roadster, Road Racer, and Ladies' all same price each grade. Any machine supplied upon easy payment system. Send for Catalogues and Price Lists, post free.

THE "MARVEL" SWEATER **2/3** With Collar, White or Grey, **2/7½** POST FREE.

£9 £9

The "OXFORD" HIGH-CLASS CYCLES Guaranteed for Twelve Months.

Weight 28lbs. This year's make. All parts "up to date," and finished in the best style. Any pneumatic tire fitted, except Dunlop, Palmer, or Clincher, which are charged extra.

ACCESSORIES AT LOWEST PRICES. *Write for List.*

THOMPSON BROS., LTD., 3, Oxford St. (Corner of Charing X Rd), London, W.

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30 YEARS' SUCCESS AMONG THE DEAF.

The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Specialist, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, will be happy to send his book on the Ear, "How to Cure without the Use of Instruments or Operation." Price 6d. Sufferers from Deafness, Noises, or Discharges in the Ear should obtain this work, or write or call at the Consulting Rooms. Free Consultations daily from 11 till 4. (Saturdays, 11 till 1.) Wonderful cases:—A person cured after 40 years' deafness, and one at the age of 90. A gentleman after 17 years' deafness cured. A remarkable case of a lady at Lincoln, substantiated by a Clergyman. Addresses on application. All communications as above.

CLOTHING AT FIRST COST.

MEN'S TROUSERS in Serges, Tweeds, &c., from 4/11.
COATS AND VESTS from 12/6.
SUITS from 16/11.
DUST COATS from 16/6.
LONG PADDOCK COATS from 25/-.
SPRING PATTERNS ARE NOW READY.

Send for Patterns and Rules for Self-Measurement—

J. H. HUTT, Wholesale Clothier, ASHTON NEW RD., MANCHESTER.

Agents Wanted.

EXQUISITE MODELS. PERFECT FIT. GUARANTEED WEAR

THE **Y&N** PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the seams nor tear in the fabric.

Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the new Sanitary Woollen Cloth.

4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 Per Pair and upwards.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

GIVEN AWAY VALUE 10s. | Why buy Trousers? Every Garment Tailor-made. | GIVEN AWAY VALUE 10s.

Write to us for patterns of our wonderful Serge and Tweed Suits to measure at 25s. The cheapest on earth.

We will also present FREE OF CHARGE to every purchaser of Suit one pair of our celebrated Trousers, value 10s.

Our New Spring Patterns are now ready; largest selection in the world to choose from.

WRITE TO-DAY for price list, patterns, press notices, and testimonials free.

We return your money in full if our goods do not please.

Agents wanted. Terms and appointment by letter. THE

NEW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, YATE, Gloucestershire.

PATENTS

Reduced fees, deferred charges. Book free on manner this paper. HENRY HADDAN & Co., 18, Buckingham St., W.C., London.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights prevented.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price ONE SHILLING.

Post Free 15 stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading. *Refuse worthless imitations.*

£20

TO TOBACCONISTS (COMMENCING). See Illd. Guide (250 pages), 2d., "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS' Co., 186, Euston Rd., London. N.B.—Shopfitters and show-case makers for all trades. Estimates free. Est. 1866. Mgr., Hy. Myers.

STAMPS.

Stamp Albums and Philatelic requisites of every description.

Write for Catalogue, inclosing penny stamp for postage, and mention *Pearson's Weekly.*

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH. (Established 1869.)

RED NOSES

PERMANENTLY CURED IN A FEW DAYS.

Treatise and full particulars post free, two stamps. Prof. C. T. DUNCAN, 39, Baker Street, London, W.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

74,074 POOR CHILDREN enjoyed a day of perfect happiness in the country last summer.
Can we double the number this year? ***It depends upon your kindness of heart.***

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 249.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE STORY OF THE GATE.

ACROSS the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate:
'Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her good-night,
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale:
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
After a stealthy quest—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Moss rose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat:
And then I'd move to go.

"Good-night," I'd say, "Good-night—good-bye!"
"Good-night"—from her, with half a sigh—
"Good-night! *Good*-night!" And then—
And then I do *not* go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again!

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer-time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn, like me,
Who ever can forget.

The happy "End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch yonder chubby thing!
That is our youngest, her's and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

THE QUEEREST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

ONE of the most curious clocks in the world is that which an American has constructed during the past summer. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands, and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds.

This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second, and, therefore, a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever, and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.

While he was working at his contrivance the inventor is said to have more than once expressed the wish that Dame Nature had contrived to make the geyser spout every thirty seconds instead of every thirty-eight.

POOR, ABUSED MAN.

PERHAPS it might be better for Mr. Smith if he were henpecked out, or, possibly, more something else. The other morning when he started off to town, his wife gave him an important letter to post, and when he returned in the evening it was in his pocket.

"Henry," inquired his wife, just as he had settled himself comfortably, "did you post that letter I gave you this morning?"

"You don't suppose, love, that I would carry it about with me, do you?" he replied, in as smooth a tone as he could muster.

"I don't suppose anything else," she said, suspiciously; "where did you post it?"

"In the box round the corner, love; I did it at once, dear, so I would be sure not to forget it."

She jumped up suddenly. "Henry Smith," she exclaimed, "give me that letter. They moved that box to the far side of the square a month ago."

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THE GERMAN UNCLE.

VALUERS are employed in the permanent service of the German State pawnbroking establishments, amongst whom is a person with a technical knowledge of gold and precious stones. They have to deposit a certain caution money in case the office should suffer loss through culpable cases of over-valuing.

All the officials are pledged to secrecy as regards the business they conduct. The articles are most carefully stored. Each piece of jewellery is kept in a separate box; watches, of which there are many thousands in the office at a time, are kept in drawers, each containing a hundred, and fur coats, which are pledged in considerable numbers, are stored in a cool place where they should not suffer from moth.

THE DEAR OLD SOUL.

A WELL-KNOWN bishop, suffering from impaired vision, was recently holding a *levee*, and his guests as they came were being ushered into his reception-room. At length one arrived, and said, "How do you do, my lord? My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you."

"Ah!" said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old mother. Good morning."

The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was, and said to his footman, "Who was that?" The servant replied, "The Duke of Connaught." The dear old soul was Queen Victoria.

FRENCH AUCTIONS.

THE French mode of conducting auctions is rather curious. In sales of importance the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who for the time being becomes an auctioneer. The auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning about five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties, and lighted.

If before it expires another bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable.

This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders, and affords to a man a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than the one preceding.

By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders, or hastily accepting the bid of a favourite.

CONCERNING CORONETS.

A PEER'S coronet ought to be of gold, of course, but is usually of copper, gilt; while "pearls" are a purely heraldic expression to indicate an adornment and not a jewel. The balls upon the coronets of all peers below the rank of duke are formed of large spheres of silver, and are technically called "pearls."

There is much that is curious about coronet lore. Thus, for instance, foreign nobles make no use of the crimson velvet cap, which forms for the English coronet a real head covering. The reason for this is probably that it is not, and never has been, the custom for foreign nobles to wear their coronets.

For the matter of that, most English peers live and die without ever wearing them, while, probably, the vast majority of them do not possess this emblem of rank. The only occasion upon which a peer or peeress wears a coronet is at the coronation of the sovereign.

Then the moment the Archbishop of Canterbury places the diadem upon the head of the newly-consecrated monarch, every peer in Westminster Abbey instantly dons his coronet.

In such little estimation do some peers hold their diadems that it will be remembered a noble, who died a year or two ago, left a memorandum in his will that his successor would find the family coronet in the cellar.

MIS-FIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHO would suppose that certain London photographers do quite a smart business in presentments of the human face and form which have no possible relation to the purchasers thereof? We all know establishments where tailors', bootmakers', and dressmakers' misfits are on sale; but it will probably be news to many of our readers that similar accommodation is to be obtained in the matter of "likenesses," and yet such is the case.

A few days ago the exigencies of human vanity called the present writer into the establishment of a well-known photographic artist in a northern suburb.

"Perhaps you've never heard of what we call the mis-fit department of our trade?" said the proprietor. "It doesn't pay us to talk much about it, but I don't mind giving you a wrinkle or two as to one of the funniest secrets in a photographer's calling.

"You noticed that lady who has just left. She has purchased a dozen photos of a pretty little girl about two years old, of whose very name even she is ignorant. She is going to send them to distant relatives and friends most of whom probably live abroad as the portraits of her own child."

"But why not get two or a child photographed? It would be just as cheap," I hazarded.

"Very much cheaper" was the reply. "But that's not the point. I wouldn't mind a small bet that her own youngster is an ugly little thing. That's a case where feminine vanity is stronger than maternal affection. I get quite a number of such customers in the course of the year. Sometimes they'll buy a stock right off as that lady did. In other instances a pretty face is selected from one of my numerous albums, and the required number of copies ordered.

"Mothers are not the only ones who indulge in this weakness. I get young husbands and fellows about to be married, newly-made wives, and girls who have just become engaged; they all give me a turn at this business. They generally come singly. Very rarely indeed do both parties to the friendship put in an appearance. The engaged girl or the young wife picks out a smart good-looking young chap with a high collar and [illegible] for choice, from my stock, and orders so many copies in my best style. The male defender varies in his taste. Sometimes he selects a dashing, handsome girl; in other cases preference is given to the girl next invited.

"But there's only one motive with the lot of them—things look better than they are! Most of them pose the comparatively dull public. They look without [illegible]. This mis-fit trade is a good [illegible]."

Miss Flyppe: "[illegible] that makes the world go round."

Mr. Hippley: "Indeed I do. Next [illegible] night comes I shall [illegible]."

Little Boy: "[illegible] good time."

Father: "[illegible]"

Little Boy: "[illegible]? Why [illegible] every time I play!"

Dowdson: "[illegible] Binks. He's [illegible] lady, and can talk as to deafen."

Flynn: "Well, he possesses a neighbour of mine [illegible]. Let's introduce them to each other [illegible] to the gate."

A [illegible] in New South Wales is said [illegible] office in the street leading to the cemetery [illegible] visible sign. When a funeral passes [illegible] over so as to display the following:

"Not my patient. I can [illegible] my directions."

Clerk [illegible] company's office: "[illegible] Wishlet's is too large, he couldn't [illegible] much gas last month."

Book-keeper: "How do you know?"

Clerk: "Er—um—I ought to know. I [illegible] my addresses to his daughter."

Don't forget to tell your friends of the wonderful Insurance advantages offered by *P. W.* We have already paid 420 claims, or five times as many as any other paper.

A TRUE TALE OF '48.

By Levin Carnac.

The Reign of Scandal, as they call it, which bids fair to develop one long into a sort of shoddy Reign of Terror in France, with its bribery and blackmail, its selling of secrets, its private trials and public degradations, made me bethink myself the other day of some old Parisian police records which were—well, perhaps stolen by the person from whom I had them, and which one thing and another had prevented me from examining until I got a chance one idle afternoon just after I had been reading about the degradation of Captain Dreyfus.

I suppose this put me on the scent of traitors generally, and it wasn't long before I unearthed the particulars which, with no embellishment whatever, I have woven into the following narrative of the Year of Wonders, 1848.

* * * * *

During the Revolution of February in Paris, M. Gabriel Delessert, the Prefect of Police, had large quantities of *dossiers* destroyed, but in the hurry and confusion several, possibly through the instrumentality of some of the clerks or other officials interested in their preservation, escaped the flames, and among these there was one which contained more than a thousand reports, the earliest of them going back as far as 1838, and all signed, in the same handwriting, "Pierre."

This happened to fall into the hands of Caussidière, one of the "Greybeards of 1830," as they used to call them, not necessarily because they were old in years, but to distinguish them from the younger patriots of '48. It was he who, on the retirement of Delessert, went to the Prefecture of Police to take possession in the name of the Provisional Government, and it was in view of just such a visit as this that the late Prefect had destroyed the *dossiers* to save the secret servants of the late Government from the vengeance of the successful revolutionaries.

When Caussidière came to examine this particular parcel of reports he was struck, and that by no means pleasantly, by a very significant circumstance. One of the reports contained certain facts which, to his certain knowledge, could have been known only to himself, a bosom friend of his named Pilhes, and another member of the party of the Revolution named Lucien Delahodde.

Of the *bonâ fides* of Pilhes he felt absolutely certain, but Delahodde he had already suspected more than once of looseness of conviction and coolness of devotion to the cause which, for the time being, was now triumphant, therefore it was not difficult for him to come to the conclusion that he was the "Pierre" of the reports. He communicated his suspicions to M. Elouin, Chief of the Municipal Police, and he completely substantiated them by producing a letter dated March 25th, 1838, in which Delahodde asked to be admitted into the Secret Police service. Caussidière acted promptly, and on March 14th summoned a secret tribunal, which met in the Luxembourg in the office of M. Albert, a member of the Provisional Government. It was composed of fifteen members, including Albert, Caussidière, Pilhes, one Bocquet, and Delahodde himself, who, of course, had not the slightest reason to suspect the grim purpose for which it had met.

Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, though summoned, escaped participation in the tragedy through being detained on other business at the Hotel de Ville. The president of the tribunal was a man named Grandmenil. Caussidière appointed himself to the post of public prosecutor, and another member of the court named Tiphaine acted as secretary. When everyone was seated Caussidière got up, and without any preamble said:

"Gentlemen, I regret to say that there is a traitor amongst us. We have too long suspected and accused those whom recent events have proved to be honest patriots, and all the time we have not had the slightest suspicion of there being a serpent in our very midst. Within the last few days I have discovered the name of the real traitor who for years disclosed our plans to the police, and so led, as you know, to the imprisonment, proscription, and death of many a good patriot who otherwise might have seen with us the success of the Revolution. The name of that traitor is Lucien Delahodde."

Delahodde, who up to the very moment that his name was mentioned had sat listening with apparent unconcern, jumped to his feet at this direct accusation. But at the same instant Caussidière pulled a pistol out of his pocket and, after asking Bocquet to see if the door was locked, told Delahodde to sit down under pain of instant death. The accused perforce obeyed, but not without an energetic protest of innocence.

"Very good," said Caussidière. "We shall see! Here is a *dossier* containing eighteen reports signed 'Pierre,' a signature which I think you will find familiar, and each of these reports concerns someone here present. Gentlemen, I will distribute them and you shall see for yourselves."

With that he handed the reports one by one to different members of the tribunal, and, as he had said, every man found some revelations concerning himself.

"And now who is 'Pierre?'" he said, when the secretary had collected the reports again.

"It is not I!" cried Delahodde. "It is not I! I have never been a traitor."

"Then if that is so," said Caussidière, coldly, "can you tell me who forged your name to this letter?"

And then he read out the application which Delahodde had made to the Prefecture for employment in the Secret Police. This done, he handed the letter round, and at last it came into the traitor's own hands.

Further denial was now, of course, useless. All he could do was to stammer out something about a terrible fatality that had driven him into the hands of the police, but this availed him little, and Caussidière, leaving his place, crossed the room to him, cocked his pistol, and, holding it out to him by the barrel, said:

"I suppose there is no need for me to remind you of the words of your oath, or to tell you that this is the only resource open to you."

A braver and a cooler man than Delahodde would have taken the pistol, and forced the public prosecutor to go and open the door for him under pain of instant death, but his nerves had already completely failed him. He sat back in his chair, pale and trembling, and stammered:

"No, no. I cannot do it! I will not be my own murderer! As for you, I am at your mercy."

At this Bocquet, who had been seriously compromised in one of the reports, rushed forward in a passion, snatched the pistol from Caussidière, thrust the butt in Delahodde's face, and shouted:

"Come, now, coward, traitor! Blow those miserable brains of yours out, or I will blow them out myself."

"No, no, I can't!" stammered Delahodde again. "I can't do it! Have mercy and spare me. I confess I was a traitor, but I can do you services that will atone my treason if you let me live."

At this point M. Albert, the member of the Government, intervened, possibly because he didn't want the man's brains blown out in his office. While Bocquet was still flourishing the pistol about he caught his arm and took it out of his hand, saying:

"No, no, that won't do! A pistol shot would make too much noise, and might call the guards and lead to inconvenient inquiries."

"Yes," said Bocquet, suddenly cooling down. "And so it would, now I come to think of it. Well, happily there are other means. I daresay poison would do quite as well if we had any."

"Perfectly!" said Caussidière. "Fortunately I happen to have some with me, which I think we shall find effectual."

He took one of the glasses standing on the table at which the president was seated, poured about a wineglassful of water into it, and then he took a lump of sugar and a little white paper packet from his waistcoat pocket. He melted the sugar in the water first, saying, in the midst of a horrible silence:

"This will take the taste off."

And then when the sugar was dissolved he shook some white powder from the paper into the glass, swirled the water round in it, and handed it to Bocquet, who politely presented it with a bow to Delahodde.

"So, then you are determined to murder me!" he said, paler than ever, and with the perspiration standing out all over his face.

"Since you put it that way, of course we are," said Bocquet.

Then Delahodde buried his face in his hands, and murmured again:

"No, I can't. I won't be my own murderer!"

"Come, come, man, drink!" cried Caussidière. "You are wasting our time. You needn't be afraid. It will kill you quickly enough."

"No, no, I won't! I won't! Kill me as you like, but don't make me my own murderer," the traitor stammered once more.

"It is no use," said Caussidière, advancing to where he sat. "He is not fit to live, and for our own safety we dare not let him live. Come, gentlemen, you must help me, and we must make him drink."

Then three or four of them seized the poor, trembling wretch, and held him in his chair while Caussidière forced his mouth open, and Bocquet poured the poison into it. Then Caussidère forced his jaw up so as to make him swallow it, but he struggled with all the strength of a desperate man, and though some of the deadly fluid went down his throat, he managed to eject the greater part of it. Then his struggles ceased, and he fell back in his chair paler than ever, and breathing heavily.

"He is dying!" cried Albert. "Can we not get him out of here before he is dead? You know it might be very awkward for him to be found here."

"Certainly we can," said Caussidière. "I have a coach waiting in the court for some such use as that. I thought it would probably be wanted. We can say that he has fainted, and so we will have him taken down to it and he can be driven home and die there decently."

* * * * *

The Revolution was over, the 10th of December had come and gone, and Napoleon the Little was seated on the throne of the great Buonaparte. The Provisional Government was a thing of the past, and its members, with many of their friends, were dead or in prison or in exile.

Among these last were Caussidière and Bocquet, who had found a refuge in the same asylum of the persecuted which had sheltered the Man of December himself. The scene, in fact, had changed from the palace of the Luxembourg to a house in an obscure and shabby street in Soho.

To this house, through the friendly recommendation of a compatriot also in exile, the two former members of the secret tribunal which tried Delahodde for treachery to the cause of the Revolution came one cold foggy night in November seeking lodging.

They were admitted without hesitation on giving their names, and escorted by an unwashed, slatternly girl up to the second floor. The girl knocked, a door was opened, and they went into a shabby room, furnished in a tawdry, half-Parisian, half-English fashion.

In the room were two men and a woman, all apparently friends. One of the men, evidently an invalid, was lying on the sofa; the other man was burly and active, and evidently in full possession of robust health. The woman was pale and slender, graceful—like all Frenchwomen who are not fat—and with a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, a rather thin-lipped mouth, and a firm, determined jaw.

On a table in the centre of the room were two pistols and four wineglasses full of different coloured liquids. No sooner were they inside than the burly man shut the door, put his back against it, and pulling a double-barrelled pistol out of each of his trouser pockets covered them with the threatening muzzles.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" said the man on the sofa, in a thin, querulous voice. "Nay, nay, you are welcome, and there is no need for you to start like that and look so uncomfortable. No, no, don't look at the door as if you would force your way out, for if you do that my good friend Adolphe will shoot you. We are not tired of your company yet, for you have only just come. Perhaps you don't recognise me. Well, well, that is quite likely, but if you will sit down and make yourselves at home, good friends, you shall soon have everything explained to you. Gabrielle, the chairs, please."

Without a word the woman brought two chairs and put them behind the astounded visitors. Not sorry to do so, they dropped into them, looked at each other, and took out their handkerchiefs, and began to wipe their brows somewhat nervously.

"What does this mean?" cried Caussidière. "Is this the sort of welcome that exiles should receive? We were recommended here——."

"Yes, yes," said the man on the sofa. "Quite so, quite so. Sit still and listen, and you shall have all explained as I have said. You remember, gentlemen," he went on with a wan sort of smile at their puzzled, frightened faces, "you remember how you, M. Caussidière, summoned a secret tribunal in the Luxembourg three years—very nearly three and a half years ago—to try one Delahodde for treason, to the cause of the Revolution. You remember how you found him guilty, and after seeking to make him shoot himself, brutally forced a glass of poison into his mouth.

"As you know, he did not swallow it all, and, as you see, it did not kill him. Yes, gentlemen, you may stare, and possibly the news is disconcerting to you, but I am that same Delahodde—not dead, but only just alive, and yet alive enough to give you a fitting welcome here to-night. Gabrielle yonder was my sweetheart, now my wife, and Adolphe there is her brother, and among us we have arranged this little surprise for you.

"It was Adolphe who procured the recommendations which brought you here, and now, as you see, we are prepared to give you the same hospitality as you gave me in M. Albert's room in the Luxembourg. I asked you for mercy, and you gave me instead the choice between the pistol and the poison. Now, as you see, the same choice is before you.

"No, no; believe me it is no use getting excited and begging for mercy, for there is no more mercy here than there was at the Luxembourg. You remember what I was then—a strong man in the full possession of my strength and faculties. You see me now what your poison has made me—the shattered wreck of a man, broken in health and strength, and chained to my bed or this sofa for the rest of the life which you have made miserable.

"But I have been more generous than you were, for I offer you a more ample choice. There are the pistols—no, don't touch them yet, or Adolphe will shoot you; he has two bullets for each of you, and will not miss with both. The police? No, that matters not, for our revenge would be complete before they came.

"Now, there, in those glasses before you, are four kinds of poison. The first, that one to the right, contains strychnine; if you drink that you will die in some pain, and with many contortions. The next to it is prussic acid; not painless, but swifter. The next is morphine; choose that, and you will die perhaps a pleasanter death than you deserve. The last is belladonna, from which you will also derive a pleasant end with the added consolation of knowing that your eyes, with their expanded pupils, will look more beautiful in death than, I must confess, they do now in life.

"And now, gentlemen, if you please, make your choice, otherwise I shall have to ask Adolphe to choose for you. You have three minutes to make your choice in."

The little gilded French clock, surmounted by its two Cupids on the mantelshelf, ticked off the seconds of the ghastly silence which followed. At the end of the second minute Adolphe came forward, and as M. Caussidière and Bocquet turned their white faces towards him they met the two double muzzles of the pistols within a foot or so of their eyes.

"Cry out and I shoot," he said, in a low, pitiless tone. "There is one minute left. Which will you have, the poison or the bullets?"

There were two low, gasping, inarticulate cries, then two trembling hands went out towards the third and fourth glasses. They were carried slowly back to two pairs of white dry lips, and then, as the last seconds of the third minute were ticked off the hands went up and the contents of the two glasses flowed down two dry choking throats, the glasses dropped to the floor, and the next morning two French exiles, reputed to be Revolutionists hiding from French justice, were found dead in their beds.

Of course there was an inquest and a police inquiry, but there was no evidence to show that they had died otherwise than by their own hands. The invalid who rented the upper part of the house returned soon after to Paris with his wife and brother-in-law. He is now buried in Père Lachaise. His brother was killed in the Crimea, and his widow, to whose communicativeness the sequel to the story of the police records is due, is still living, an old woman of eighty, in a humble apartment in the Quartier Latin, on a modest pension paid to her in respect of services rendered by her deceased husband to that Prefecture of Police which, though empires and republics may come and go, remains the one permanent institution in France.

A vendor of wood in Paris, who has not been able to sell all his goods during the winter, has placed on his door the following notice: "Good bundles for the summer season, giving very little heat."

Little Dot: "I just hate compositions."
Mamma: "You like to write letters?"
Little Dot: "Yes, but when I get a blot on my composition I can't draw a ring round it and say it's a kiss."

OUR STAMP ALBUM is by Mr. Harold Frederic, one of the greatest philatelists of the day. Every stamp collector in the kingdom should turn to page 663. Please tell your friends about this new feature.

AN ABYSSINIAN LIBRARY.

The Abyssinian alphabet consists of two hundred and eight characters, each of which is written distinctly and separately, like the letters of an European printed book. The labour required to write an Abyssinian book is therefore immense, and sometimes years are consumed in the preparation of a single volume. A professor at the British Museum visited an Abyssinian monastery a few miles from Cairo, and was surprised to find therein one of the most unique of libraries.

In a room twenty-six by twenty, a number of long wooden pegs projected from the wall, and on them hung about fifty Abyssinian books in manuscript. As the entire literature of Abyssinia does not include more than one hundred volumes, the monks were proud of their library.

Each book was bound in red leather or in boards, and enclosed in a case tied up with leather thongs. To this case was attached a strap for the convenience of carrying the volume over the shoulders, and by these straps the books were hung to the wooden pegs, three or four to a peg.

"AIN'T SUCH A SNEAK."

This incident happened in the streets of London a few days ago. A gentleman hailed a bootblack for a shine. The lad came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and pushed him aside, saying, "Here, you go set down, Jimmy!" The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new-comer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "I'm only goin' to do it for him. You see, he's been ill in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and, as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush the gentleman plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, you see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give him, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneakin' it on the poor chap, I would."

The shine being complete, the gentleman handed the urchin a half-crown, saying, "You're a pretty good fellow; so you keep sixpence and give the rest to Jimmy here."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own.

"Works well, don't it?" commented Jimmy, ten minutes later, turning a cart-wheel. "That makes seven and a tanner."

FIVE CYCLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

IMPORTANT OFFER TO OUR READERS.

THE LONDON CYCLE CORPORATION of COVENTRY and MANOR PARK, LONDON, N.E., are anxious to make their machines better known, and to this end have placed FIVE CYCLES at my disposal, to be GIVEN AWAY to my readers under what circumstances I think best.

I propose to give these away during the next few weeks under the following conditions:

In the first case each competitor must write to the Manager of the London Cycle Corporation, Manor Park, London, N.E., and inclose two stamps for their Art Catalogue of machines. Then make the best anagram you can on the words "The London Cycle Corporation Catalogue," using no more letters than are contained in the sentence quoted. ALL MUST BE USED.

Then send this in to *Pearson's Weekly* Offices, together with the coupon to be found in the catalogue, and the number of the Bicycle you would like in the event of your success. It must be distinctly understood that no competition will be accepted unless accompanied by Coupon.

Ladies may compete, of course, and select machines specially made for them. The machines are of the newest pattern, and complete in every respect.

Competition No. 1 closes on Thursday, April 25th. Fresh Competitions will then be announced. Mark envelopes "London Cycle."

HOW ROYAL LADIES SPEND THEIR TIME.

A Queen Who Makes Jam.

I meditate often on the way in which the Royal ladies of Europe pass their leisure hours, for the duties of their station, the time taken up in receptions and drawing-rooms and drives and entertainments, to say nothing of the labour of making several toilets a day, cannot by any means fill up all their time. It is to be imagined that queens and princesses, like ladies of less exalted rank, must each have some favourite occupation to while away the hours that else would seem interminable.

For instance, the Empress Eugénie used to be extremely fond of dressmaking. Not that she cut and fitted and sewed her gowns with her own imperial fingers.

She held in the sewing-room at the Tuilleries just the same position that the late M. Worth, or, in fact, any one of the great dressmakers of Paris, maintains in his or her establishment.

She gave directions, and superintended the carrying out of her ideas. A corps of trained workwomen and of sewing-machine operators were engaged to put her plans into execution. The materials were sent direct from the great silk manufactories of Lyons, and in many instances were woven expressly to order.

The work-rooms were situated on the floor above the private apartments of the Empress. A trap-door, cut in the ceiling of her boudoir, permitted of the lowering from the room above a mannikin, arrayed in a newly completed toilet, so that the Empress could inspect it without going upstairs. One of these figures was mounted on wheels. It was constructed for the display of Court mantles and for dresses made with long trains.

One of the ladies-in-waiting used to draw it round the room by means of a cord, so that the effect of the toilet, when the wearer was in motion, could be noted. Will it be believed that this perfectly harmless occupation added a very unneeded increase to the unpopularity of the Empress? The story of the sewing-room and the sewing-machines got abroad, and Parisian society stigmatised the pastime itself, as well as the economy that had apparently dictated it, as altogether unroyal.

The princesses of the Royal Family of England are very accomplished ladies, and have each more than one resource against *ennui*. The ex-Empress of Germany was noted, even as the young Princess Royal of England, for her skill as an artist. She paints landscapes in oil, and models little figures and groups in clay with more than an amateur's talent.

Her sister, the Princess Beatrice, executes groups of flowers charmingly in water colours. The Princess Helena (Princess Christian) is an admirable musician, and was on intimate terms of friendship with Jenny Lind, who, to the last hours of her life, used to give advice and hints about the cultivation of the voice to the princess.

The Princess of Wales has a taste for millinery, and delights in making and remodelling the bonnets and hats of herself and her daughters. It must be confessed, however, that the headgear of the girls usually looks very unstylish and home-made.

The most accomplished lady of the English Royal Family is Marie of Russia (Duchess of Edinburgh), who is a thorough linguist and an admirable pianist as well. She devotes several hours a day to her music, and delights in finding anyone as fond of the piano as herself who will play duets with her.

The Queen of Saxony (who was the Princess Vasa, once wooed by Napoleon III) has a very homely and housewifely taste. She is extremely fond of making preserves, and actually at one time injured her health by spending too many hours over her preserving kettles and charcoal furnaces.

There are two royal ladies in Europe besides Queen Victoria who occupy themselves with authorship. These are the Queen of Roumania, best known by her *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva, and the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, who is reported to be the person concealed behind the mysterious cognomen of Ary Ecilaw.

Queen Margherita of Italy spends her leisure hours in the study of foreign languages and literature. She is noted for her liking for American writers, Longfellow being her favourite poet.

The Queen of Greece has a passion for flowers, and gives up much time to tending the plants in the pretty conservatory attached to her private apartments.

The Empress of Austria delights in hunting and riding, and cares nothing for practising accomplishments or feminine occupations. Like most highly-educated German ladies, she is a thorough linguist.

The aged Empress Augusta of Germany, the grandmother of the present Emperor, was extremely fond of studying and speaking foreign languages, and used to read and converse in French with the facility of a born Parisian.

One of her favourite amusements at the court entertainments was to summon the French ambassador to her side, and to converse with him respecting the latest French publications. She always knew all about them, and could talk on the subject both fluently and impressively.

TORN BANK-NOTES.

The law as to torn and partially destroyed bank-notes is peculiar. When bank-notes are presented for payment in a defective condition, from whatever cause, it is the practice of some banks to pay according to the proportion of the note which is presented. Thus, if four-fifths of a pound note were tendered to a bank, it would pay sixteen shillings to the owner; and if two-thirds of a five-pound note were offered, the bank would give the owner three pounds six shillings and eightpence only.

Other banks are in the habit of paying the amount claimed, or nothing at all. In every case an affidavit must be subscribed before a justice of the peace in support of each claim, which must contain a narrative of the circumstances attending the partial, or, as sometimes happens, the complete destruction of the note. In the latter case the bank, when it makes payment, always insists on a guarantee.

SELLING SILKWORMS' EGGS.

A large number of the merchants of Beyrout and the Lebanon engage in the business of importing silkworms' eggs, and sell them to the Syrian breeders. These merchants exercise the greatest care in all their operations, and some even go so far as to travel themselves to France to make their purchases.

All the eggs imported are subjected to a most rigorous examination, and in some cases they are examined by means of microscopical instruments. They arrive in boxes of about twenty-five grammes weight, and are sold at prices varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to quality and guarantee.

The payments are made at once or at the end of the harvest in kind—that is to say, in cocoons. In the latter case the amount due to the seller varies according to the district. For example, at Rachaya, in the villages of Ouadi-el-Adjam and Douma, one-seventh of the silk-harvest is given, at Baal-bek and Hasbaya a little more, and in the villages of Bekaa one-twelfth.

This difference is accounted for by the fact that the yield of eggs is by no means the same in all localities in which the silk industry is engaged, on account of the greater or smaller amount of care and attention bestowed by the breeders—for the climate is favourable throughout the country.

HIS RECORD.

He stood quite six foot four in his boots, and looked the very picture of rugged health. His friends saw him off from the landing-stage at Liverpool, and he laughed boisterously when they hinted at *mal de mer*. Below is given the diary of the voyage:

June 1.—Left Liverpool at noon, and am having a glorious old time. Have been all over the ship and have got acquainted with the captain and the mate. But I like to sit on deck best, and am going to sit there most of the time. It's grand to be away out on the ocean out of sight of land. They've splendid things to eat at the table, and I'm having such a good time, I wouldn't care if we'd be a month reaching America. I'm awfully glad I could come. It's glorious.

June 2.—Queer.

June 3.—Queerer.

June 4.—Awfully queer.

June 5.—Still queer, and I don't know as I'll ever live to get home, and I don't care if I don't.

June 6.—A lot better; ate a biscuit.

June 7.—Was helped up on deck, but am feeling very queer yet.

June 8.—Maybe we'll get to New York to-morrow. Wish we were there now. Am going to bed.

June 9.—We can see the coast. I wish to gracious I could walk home or else stay abroad for ever. I've had a terrible time.

The Cook's Question.

I wonder if his heart is fired—
He calls here every night.
I wonder—are his calls inspired
By love or appetite?

Mother: "Johnny! On your way home from school stop at the grocer's and get me a pennyworth of sweets and a bar of soap."

Father: "What do you want with a pennyworth of sweets?"

Mother: "That's so he'll remember the soap."

New Boy: "Lady wants to see you, sir."

Clairvoyant: "Who is she?"

"I don't know."

"Then follow her home and find out. How the dickens am I going to tell a woman's fortune if I don't know who she is?"

Enterprising Chemist: "Here's a card, madam. Every time you buy something to the value of a shilling I'll punch a hole in it. When ten shillings are punched you get a siphon of soda water free."

Madam: "That's a fine idea. I'll take ten shillings' worth of postage stamps now."

For high-class illustrations, excellent reading matter, and beautiful printing, commend your lady friends to a copy of *Home Notes*. Price one penny, every Thursday.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2420. What is the Chief Apparent Difference between the Climate of this Planet and that of Mars?

The most recent astronomic observations seem to have established the fact that Mars is surrounded by an atmosphere differing little from our own, and very rich in aqueous vapour; but no rain, or scarcely any, falls. How, then, is the arid surface of the planet watered? At every revolution of Mars the northern polar regions are inundated at the melting of the snow, and this great periodical flood spreads out to enormous distances by a network of natural canals. The climate of Mars has been compared to that of a clear day on a high mountain—a climate of extremes, of great changes of temperature from day to night, and from one season to another.

2435. Are Fish Endowed with Vocal Organs?

The fact that some fishes produce at certain seasons voluntary sounds is well authenticated. Many travellers have given accounts of the strange noises they have heard coming from under water, and which could apparently be explained only by attributing them to fishes. Darwin mentions that the armado makes so great a noise when caught with a hook that it can be heard while still under water. Dufossé, a French naturalist, who examined and experimented with hundreds of fish in connection with this subject, and who is the great authority upon it, has described the extraordinary sounds made by shoals of maigres. Many of the observers have detected traces of a voice in various fishes. Admitting then that the sounds are produced, how are they caused? Some fishes produce them by friction of the pharyngal bones, others by friction of prominences on the jaws. But the only real approach to a voice is where sounds are produced by expelling air from the mouth. This occurs in a number of fish, *e.g.*, the loach, the carp, the barbel, the lamprey, the eel, and the cat-fish. In fishes with a voice there is an air bladder provided with a duct which communicates with the gullet. The organ is considered by Dufossé to be concerned with the production of voluntary sounds.

2436 Which was the First Direct Tax Imposed in this Country?

The Danegeld, "an imposition not more burthensome in the thing than scandalous in the name," which was first imposed on the people in the reign of Ethelred the Unready (A.D. 991) for the purpose of raising a sum wherewith to purchase peace from the Danes, who at that period were overrunning England. But this, which Lingard calls the origin of direct and annual taxation, defeated its own object, inasmuch as it incited the Danes, well knowing that they would be bought off at any cost, to fresh depredations, which resulted in the receipt, as bribes, of 134,000 pounds of silver. The levying of the tax was, moreover, open to great abuse, for, although no man was liable for more than one annual payment of twelvepence per hide of land, wherever money was known to exist it was demanded by the king's officers, and ability to pay once was regarded as ability to pay again. Thus were many even of the richest landowners reduced to poverty. This tax was abolished by Edward the Confessor, but revived by William I., and formed part of the revenue of the Crown till suppressed by Stephen (A.D. 1136). Green says that it was once again restored by John under the new name of "carucage."

2438. The Sun's Rays can be so Focussed by a Lens of Ice that they will Burn Paper. Why is the Ice not Melted?

Because the sun's rays are not warm in themselves any more than rays of light are luminous. It is only when they fall upon a body and are absorbed by it that they produce a heating effect. Ice, while it transmits six parts of the heat waves that it intercepts, arrests ninety-four. The heat thus absorbed does not raise the temperature and so melt the ice, but produces internal liquefaction. The remainder passes through the ice without producing more effect than rays of light passing through a transparent body. In so doing the rays are refracted, or turned from the course previously followed. As a result, all the rays are concentrated on a single spot beyond the lens. Their combined strength is now brought to bear on the paper or any other object on which they are focussed, causing heat and possibly ignition.

2439. Which Single Man, Outside the Sphere of Religion, has Exerted the most Permanent Influence on Posterity?

William the Conqueror, whose personality was sufficiently powerful to shape the destiny of the people, whom he first vanquished with the sword, and afterwards leavened with the civilisation of a less barbaric race. "As far as mortal man can guide the course of things after he is gone," says Freeman, "the course of our national history since William's day has been the result of William's character and William's acts." His fame as a statesman and an administrator is even greater than that which he won with the sword. The policy of the Conqueror in regard to Church and State made him the strongest and most absolute monarch that has ever sat upon the English throne. He laid the foundations of our national greatness. His work was an indispensable preliminary to the course of events that were to follow. "While other nations have been compelled to destroy and rebuild the political fabric, we English have found it sufficient to repair, to enlarge, and to improve what is mainly due to the events of the eleventh century and the personal agency of William."

2440. In which Great Catastrophe has the Destruction of Property been most Disproportionate to the Loss of Life?

In the great fire of Chicago—the largest of modern times. The conflagration commenced by the overturning of a lamp in a district built almost entirely of wood, on Sunday, October 8th, 1871. It defied all efforts to arrest its progress, and exhausted itself on the north by burning all there was to ignite. The total area burned was 2,124 acres, or nearly three and a half square miles, about four miles in length, and from one to one and a half miles in width; 17,450 buildings were destroyed, and 98,860 people were rendered homeless. Of the latter, several perished in the flames, but, reckoning in those who lost their lives from exposure, only 250 died—an exceedingly small loss in proportion to the awful magnitude of the conflagration. Among the buildings destroyed were the Custom Houses, Post Office, Court House, Chamber of Commerce, nearly all the churches, railway stations, hotels, banks, theatres, newspaper offices, and buildings of a quasi-public character. It is estimated that seventy-three miles frontage of streets were burned over, and even the wooden pavements were partially destroyed. The total loss has been estimated at 196,000,000 dollars, of which 53,000,000 represented the value of the buildings destroyed, 58,710,000 the personal effects, and the remainder business stocks, produce, and manufactures of every description. On the losses there was an insurance of 88,634,122 dollars, but only about a half was recovered.

2444. What would Probably Happen to a Modern Battleship if she got Frozen Up in the Arctic Ice?

In all likelihood an ironclad would be destroyed, owing to the effect of the intense cold upon her armour plating. Hopkinson has discovered that the density of nickel-steel after being frozen is permanently reduced by no less than two per cent. A warship constructed in a temperate climate of ordinary steel and clad with several thousand tons of this elastic material must inevitably be torn apart, when fast locked in the Polar ice, by the expansion of her armour.

2441. Does any Warm-Blooded Creature Enjoy Complete Immunity from Consumption?

As far as investigation up to the present has thrown light on this matter, the ass and mule enjoy the greatest—though not an absolute—immunity from consumption. Under the normal conditions of its existence the ass never suffers from this disease, and though under certain experimental conditions to which it has recently been subjected the disease has been artificially induced by the injection of infected tuberculous matter directly into its blood, it is asserted the animal invariably recovers. During the progress of the disease so contracted no rise of temperature or other characteristic symptom is revealed, the only noticeable phenomenon in the case being that a remarkable voracity of appetite is developed. It offers a much greater resistance to the disease than the horse, whose powers in this respect have until recently been over estimated. The best parallel case of natural immunity from disease is that afforded by the rat, which is almost absolutely proof against anthrax. At the end of six weeks, however, the ass fully recovers, and by this mild and temporary attack its natural immunity from tuberculous infection is said to be largely strengthened. The serum taken from the animal at this stage has strong anti-bacillary properties, and introduced into the blood of guinea-pigs suffering from consumption arrests the progress of the disease in a way that led the experimenter to form sanguine hopes of having found an antidote to the disease in man. Whether this is so time and further experiments only can prove.

2442. Is the Gold Output of the World Increasing or Decreasing?

It is generally acknowledged among experts that the difficulties of obtaining gold are, owing to the exhaustion of the more fertile and more accessible deposits, daily becoming greater. The comparatively recent collapse in the market value of silver, however, has been followed by a marked impetus in the search for gold. Old mines are being opened up, fresh territories explored. The result of this new vitality is clearly shown by the figures which gave the yield of gold for the last few years. According to the most recent statistics the production of the world has been:

1891	196,586 kilos valued at	£26,130,000.
1892	220,133 „ „ „	£29,259,520.
1893	234,006 „ „ „	£31,104,340.

The yield for 1894 is estimated to have been worth approximately £38,000,000. It has been pointed, however, that even so far back as the year 1853 the world's output of gold was no less than for 1893, and, referring to the increase during the last few years, that a temporary renewal of activity often only means the nearer approach of a complete exhaustion of the surface gravel and shallow deposits of every kind.

2445. Are there any Lakes in which the Bodies of Drowned People never Reappear?

There are some lakes in America which have this physical peculiarity. Sir Alexander Mackenzie noted such a lake, named Saratoga, and others, and called attention to the attractive power of the mud at the bottom, which is sometimes so great that boats can with difficulty proceed along the surface. He says: "At the portage or carrying-place of Martres, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. This effect is not perceptible on the south side of the lake, where the water is deep, but is more and more sensible as you approach the opposite shore." A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Saginaga. In such waters as these the bodies of drowned people sink and never reappear; and even the strongest swimmers have a struggle to prevent themselves from being drawn downwards by the mysterious attraction. There are, moreover, numerous lakes in Norway, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Russia, in which dead bodies sink from view and are lost for ever, owing solely to the low temperature of the water.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2471. Which universal custom most closely connects the woman of to-day with the slave of the past?

2472. Does the dust in the atmosphere perceptibly interfere with the transmission of the sun's rays?

2473. What is the greatest elevation at which birds have been found living their ordinary lives?

2474. Which kind of food most readily appeases hunger?

2475. How do the private incomes of this country compare with those of America?

2476. Which is the best historical illustration of the saying, "Conscience makes cowards of us all"?

2477. Which title of distinction has proved to be the greatest misnomer?

2478. Is it true that women, given the same strength and quality, wear their boots out half as fast again as men?

2479. Can any reasonable explanation be given of the fact that certain periods of history are much richer in literary products than others?

2480. Is it generally true that genius is accompanied by a disturbance of mental balance?

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We should like to jog your memory upon two little points in connection with this page. Half-a-crown is paid for accepted questions, and at the rate of two guineas a column for accepted replies.

HER SIMPLE CHARM.

I saw her dressed in silks and lace,
With jewels in her hair,
And truly thought her charming face
Was sweet beyond compare;
She seemed the fairest of them all
That night I met her at the ball.

But if my queen in silk enthralled
Drew all admiring eyes,
The morning when by chance I called
And caught her by surprise,
Decked in an apron snowy neat,
My subjugation was complete.

It was a ravishing affair,
The fairies must have worked;
A lace-edged trifle, light as air,
And in the pocket lurked
A little fist, which really shamed
The whiteness its surroundings claimed.

When beauty walks in silk attire
She captivates the throng;
But to the beauty I admire,
The subject of my song,
A simple apron lends a charm
'Gainst which 'tis idle hope to arm.

CURING A PARROT.

I think this beats your stock parrot story: A lady who had bought a parrot off a bird fancier was shocked afterwards to discover that the parrot was addicted to the pernicious habit of exaggerated colloquialisms. The lady at once took the bird back and complained, requesting the man to refund her money. He refused, saying it was easy to cure the bird. He told her the next time the parrot offended to take it out of the cage, grasp it by the tail, and swing it violently round her head several times.

It was not long before the parrot raised the lady's ire by a string of choice expressions, and the lady proceeded to "take it out" of the bird. After swinging it round her head till she was tired she laid the parrot on the table. The bird got up, and, shaking his feathers together, remarked, "Great Scott, what a gale!"

THE FINEST TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world. There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the boulder.

This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women, and children—have turned into a toboggan slide.

Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering, and then slide down the sixty feet into a pool of water. This is a favourite sport on sunny mornings, as many as two hundred folks being engaged at a time, and sliding so quickly one after another, or forming rows of two, four and even eight persons, that they tumble into a pool a confused mass of scrambling creatures.

There is little danger in the game, and though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.

FOOLING THE COMPASS.

The story that a deviation of her compass, resulting from the presence of steel in a cork leg worn by a man at the wheel, caused a Lake Erie steamer to run ashore some little time ago, recalls a similar experience.

On one of the trips of a steamer down Lake Huron the second mate reported that the compass had suddenly gone wrong; that the needle would swing three or four points to the right or left at intervals, and that because of these erratic movements it had become utterly impossible to steer a course—in fact, he had lost trace of the course altogether.

The captain accompanied the mate to the pilot house, and found matters just as they had been described. Besides the man at the wheel, two lady passengers were in the pilot house when they entered. Turning to them, after meditating a minute, he asked if they wore steel corsets.

A reply in the affirmative lead to a further question as to where they had been, and this elicited the information that the ladies had paid a visit to the engine room, and that while there the engineer had afforded them an opportunity to inspect the dynamo which supplied the electric lights of the steamer.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the dynamo had magnetised the steel corsets worn by the ladies, and that the corsets had become responsible for the crazy race the needle of the compass ran as the wearers moved to and fro in the pilot house.

SETTING A FISH TO CATCH A FISH.

The remora is a fish that spends its life in fishing for its fellows. It uses no bait, no line, no hook, but its curious tackle is very effective. Its dorsal fin, instead of being placed, as in other fish, at one-third of the distance from head to tail, is moved forward upon the very forehead.

The fin is, moreover, flattened out and furnished with a disc-like rim, by means of which the remora attaches itself firmly to any object with which it comes in contact. It can cling, too, despite any force that can be brought to bear. The remora may even be killed before his grip is weakened.

It is only another instance of the providence of Dame Nature that these fellows have their strange appliance, for they are so constructed as to be able to swim only for short distances, though they move very swiftly for a few rods.

With their vacuum attachment they can dart upon an unsuspecting shark, swordfish, or turtle, and in a twinkling become inseparable travelling companions. They do not appear to injure the larger fish in any way, but nevertheless seem to be a source of great annoyance, for if they stick to one individual long enough it will become sickly and poor.

The remoras leave their protector and vehicle only for a few seconds at a time, while they dart away to seize a bit of food left over from the shark's or the sword-fish's meal. Like a flash the morsel is swallowed and the parasite resumes his free-pass journey. Frequently sharks have been captured with their bodies all scarred where they had rubbed against coral reefs, oyster banks, and rocks in wild efforts to scrape off the ever-present remoras.

The West Indian turtle fishermen long ago learnt how to make use of this strange fish. Having captured a good, strong, healthy specimen, the fisherman fastens him to a long braided manilla line by a loop round the body just above the tail. Then he rows out to the turtle grounds, and, having spotted a victim prowling slowly along on or near the bottom, pitches the remora overboard.

Quicker than thought the little fish instinctively makes for the nearest moving object, and dashing its head against the turtle's back or under shell, becomes a fixture. The fisherman then hauls in his line, bringing the unlucky prey to the surface, and lifting him into the boat. The remora, as a rule, at once drops off when this is done.

In this way turtles that are too shy to come to the surface or within spearing distance are readily caught, and, more than that, are uninjured, which makes them more valuable for market purposes. Now and then the remora will make fast to a big fish, and give its owner a lively tussle. The line may break or the angler let go, but the little sucker fish never loosens his hold under water.

Often remoras attach themselves to moving vessels, and are found clinging to the bottom when the ship comes into port. There are several species. One kind prefers sharks, and is always found attached to these monsters, while another usually clings to swordfish, and a third sticks to turtles.

Every time Miss Amanda Muggs, whose understandings are somewhat large, stops at a hotel, she cleans her own shoes and sets outside the door a small pair, which she carries with her expressively for that purpose.

Papa (reading): "The naturalist, who had slipped over the edge of the precipice, gathered momentum as he fell."

Little Dot: "Mercy! Does that mean he kept on picking flowers even when he knew he was going to be killed?"

Little Johnny: "That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humour."

Sister: "Why do you think so?"

Little Johnny: "I told him all about the funny way you rush about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit."

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HUNTING A HUSBAND.

I.

She had decided that she wanted a husband, and she began to look about for the right man.

II.

She saw a young man at a party who was not doing all the talking, and she thought: "Here is a beginning. That young man has brains."

III.

She met him in the street and he did not stare at her, and she thought: "This young man is evidently no masher; I will hunt him up."

IV.

She entered a tramcar, and the young man, who sat on the end of a seat, stood up and gave his seat to an old lady. "He is a jewel," she said to herself. "I must keep track of him."

V.

She was out one night, and as she passed him she dropped her handkerchief. He returned it to her, but made no remark about the weather, and did not ask her to take a walk. "This is an exception," she said to herself; "I must look after him."

VI.

Some days later she met this young man in company with a mutual friend and was introduced, and she said: "A few days ago I was in a tramcar, and saw you give up your seat to an old lady. It was an act of great gallantry, and I have decided that you would make a good husband. When I saw you give your seat to the old lady instead of to me I came to that conclusion."

"Yes," said he, "but that was my mother-in-law."

She never smiled again.

"SALT, TOBACCO, AND POSTAGE-STAMPS."

Wherever one goes in Italy, whether through busy city thoroughfare, to quiet mountain hamlet, or along country highway, he is sure to see some shop which bears the notice, "Salt, tobacco, and postage-stamps." This queer combination is explained when one learns that these three articles are revenue specialities that can be sold publicly by the holders of Government licences only.

A country which has neither salt-wells nor salt-lakes must import its salt or procure it by the evaporation of sea-water, necessarily a slow and expensive process. All along the shores of the Mediterranean are large vats in which sea-water is exposed to the intense heat of an Italian sun, that causes it to evaporate and leave a dirty saline deposit. This "salt" must pass through various refining mediums before it is fit for use.

In its first stage of large, yellowish crystals the salt is sold at twopence a pound to the very poor for cooking purposes, and to the peasants for their cattle and sheep.

A second quality, coarse-grained, and not over white, is sold at fourpence a pound to the larger middle class.

Still another kind, fine white table-salt, is sold at eightpence a pound, but it rarely finds its way into the country, being required only for the use of fine city people. Being too precious to lie in a loose, wasteful state, this salt is put on the market in square blocks, wrapped in blue papers that bear the State seals.

Italians always buy their salt by the ounce, and, as the price seems very high to people whose wages are so low, many are forced to dispense with the luxury altogether. Various ills arise from the lack of salt in food. That terrible parasitic disease, *pellagra*, which affects so many Italians in mind and body, has been partially attributed to the unsalted *polenta*, or porridge of yellow cornmeal, that forms the chief article of peasant diet in certain sections.

For a score of reasons tobacco that will burn properly does not flourish in Italy, the leaves also being of inferior flavour. This fact, added to the almost prohibitive price of imported tobacco, as manufactured and vended by the Regie, places all but the meanest quality beyond the reach of the masses, so that only well-to-do Italians really know what good tobacco is, and so strict are the laws of the government monopoly that custom-house officers are kept on the *qui vive* for smugglers of tobacco, and they are rewarded in proportion to the extent of the fines they cause to be inflicted on transgressors of the revenue laws.

An Englishman who arrived at an Italian port with two or three fine cigars in his pocket-case had them confiscated, to his great astonishment, which afterwards changed to indignation when he saw the officials leave the boat smoking those self-same cigars.

Notwithstanding all this, Italians are a nation of smokers. So generally is the habit recognised that the soldiers, drafted for military service and receiving their bare victuals and clothes, are, nevertheless, allowed ten centimes (a penny) per day to buy tobacco, and the Government-made "Magliani" cigars, which are sold to the troops, are so vile that the smoke of them is almost deadly at 1,000 yards.

Because Italy's need for money is great, her internal postal rates are very high; and while a letter to the far ends of the earth costs but twopence-halfpenny, as prescribed by the International Postal Union, a missive to an adjoining town must bear a twopenny stamp to insure its delivery.

Let me remind your mothers, sisters, daughters, and lady friends generally that the first of the series of *Isobel Handbooks* is now on sale, price 1s. Part I. is entitled "Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes," contains thousands of recipes, and is remarkably comprehensive and complete.

NEW AND STRANGE.

A NEW weapon has found favour in the sight of the Italian Government—a rifle which will send a bullet through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 4,000 feet.

THE system of washing linen with petroleum, which is customary in parts of Russia, has recently been introduced into a German military hospital. Fifteen grammes of petroleum are added to twenty-six pints of water containing soap and lye, and the linen is boiled in the mixture.

THE stationery world has at last produced a novelty. It is nothing very ambitious. It does not even supply an obvious want. But it is a curiosity and a convenience. In shape like an ordinary envelope, it contains three or four pages of note paper large enough for all the ordinary purposes of correspondence. A sheet of blotting-paper is also provided. In appearance it is something like a remarkably lean purse, with the ends of each division cut.

A FRENCH optician has recently brought out an entirely new kind of field or opera-glass, which may be folded up flat and carried in the pocket. It has no tube or barrel whatever, the object glass and eyepiece are hinged at either end, and to the underside of a horizontal bar, which is capable of being lengthened or shortened (and the distance between the eyepiece and object glass increased or reduced) by a simple ratch and pinion adjustment; the fact of the glasses being exposed does not appear to interfere with their magnifying powers, or with the clearness of the image.

THE invention of the portable incandescent lamp, some years ago, promised to be of the greatest service to men who habitually travel in the semi-darkness of our English railway carriages. In this, however, we were disappointed. The constant necessity of sending the accumulators to be recharged made what would have otherwise been a luxury into a nuisance. Mr. H. F. Phillip, of Guildford, has now patented a pocket primary battery, designed especially with the intention of overcoming this difficulty. His battery is precisely the same size as the ordinary accumulator, but requires absolutely no recharging, acids, or attention. It is equally useful, of course, for motors, bells, medical coils, telephones, and so on. The strangest part of this invention, to my mind, is the fact that it is new.

MANY extraordinary papers have been brought under my notice in the last few years, but nothing quite so peculiar or so venturesome as THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER. This is a monthly magazine, edited by Mr. Hugh Clements, devoted to the coming weather in all its bearings upon human industries and interests in every part of the world. The editor will give scientific forecasts of the weather for a month ahead, which, by the way, the Meteorological Office cannot do for twenty-four hours correctly. The object of the paper, moreover, is to discuss the vexed weather question with a view to its ultimate solution. The editor believes that with further experience it will be possible to predict the weather for a year or more in advance with a few, if any, mistakes. Already he ventures to give definite forecasts of the weather that may be expected on the dates on which the more important athletic and sporting meetings are fixed.

I WAS asked to try Yanitas, the new cure for sea-sickness, when I crossed the Channel recently, and I did; but, unfortunately, when all the preparations were made, the day turned out perfectly bright and still, and the sea was as calm as a mill-pond. However, I was not ill. A fellow-passenger who shared my bottle did not suffer either. Now this fellow-passenger was one of those people who feel distressed if they cross the river in a ferry-boat; in fact, there is no doubt he was preserved through Yanitas. This cannot be called a test, but, quite apart from my personal experience, the new specific really seems to neutralise the effects of a sea voyage—at all events, with some people. It may be a faith cure or it may not; but the Tsarina of Russia, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, and Princess Henry of Prussia have all given their royal testimonials, and declared that Yanitas is a perfect remedy for sea-sickness. This, I suppose, settles the matter.

MESSRS. DAY & CO., of Weston-super-Mare, have forwarded me one of their patent air-tight covers, and concerning this little invention I have nothing to say but praise. It is simple, ingenious, and adapted to an endless variety of purposes. It might even do for a tambourine in a small way. It will instantaneously make an air-tight cover on tumblers, jars, cups, basins, and so on. It will preserve their contents for practically any length of time. For a sick room it is indispensable. Placed on a cup of tea it will keep it hot for a considerable time. By its means an ordinary tumbler can be converted into the best egg-beater ever introduced. A few shakes of the glass up and down beats an egg more effectually and in less time than any other process. The cover consists of a piece of the purest and finest indiarubber stretched upon a circular frame, and depends for its action upon the pressure of the atmosphere. In placing the cover in position, the centre is slightly depressed by the three middle fingers, and thus a portion of the air in the vessel is expelled. On the pressure of the fingers being released, a partial vacuum is established and the vessel is hermetically sealed. The price varies, according to size, from 6d. to 1s. 3d.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE Queen has in her possession several oil paintings which were executed by herself and the Prince Consort in their youthful days.

THE Shah of Persia carefully treasures an heirloom in the shape of a small cube of gold literally covered with Oriental letters and characters. It is said to have fallen from Heaven during Mohammed's time.

IT was at the St. George's Hall that Mr. W. S. Gilbert made his first successes. According to rumour he is now thinking of carrying on the "German Reed" entertainments there, in which he will be associated with Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. D'Oyly Carte.

THE teapots possessed by royalty would form an interesting exhibition. That which the Princess of Wales uses at Sandringham is very curious and valuable. It represents an old Dutchman sitting astride on a beer barrel. His cap constitutes the lid, and a gold tap lets out the tea.

AT the age of 105, Mr. Salmon, M.R.C.S., is the oldest medical practitioner in the world, and the oldest living Freemason. He served as a surgeon in George III.'s army, although he was not present at the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Salmon is still in excellent health, but it is hardly necessary to say that he is incapacitated from following his profession. His home is in Glamorganshire.

A WELL-KNOWN character in Paris is an old woman whose breast is one glittering mass of crosses and decorations, and who is now peacefully engaged as a flower-seller. Her name is Jane Bonmere, and her honours were gained in the Crimea, at Rome, Gravelotte, and at Orleans. On one occasion she rendered valuable service to her country by swallowing a military despatch of great importance, and so prevented its falling into the hands of the enemy.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, better known as G. A. S., is a stoutly-built man with a florid complexion, small eyes, and a genial and hearty manner. He has the reputation for being the best story-teller in Europe, and it is probable that no single man has ever acquired such a gigantic fund of general information. His wonderfully small and neat handwriting is explained by the fact that at one time the famous leader-writer was an engraver.

MR. B. L. FARJEON is a gentleman with a round, jovial face, side whiskers, and a moustache. He is sparely built, with the brisk, energetic manner of a rapid workman. It is said that he often has three or four novels in the course of construction at the same time—a fact which, I believe, he has never confirmed himself. He is an omnivorous reader, an adept at shorthand, and invariably composes on to a typewriter. Mr. Farjeon makes a great deal of money, and spends it freely.

CAPTAIN YOUNGHUSBAND, who is a great authority on matters concerning India, holds a reputation in the British Army that is quite unique. He is one of the boldest and most intrepid explorers of his time, and has gained for himself a certain celebrity more widespread perhaps than that of any other traveller. He is a member of the Indian Staff Corps, sturdy and well-built, of middle height, and soldierly appearance. In moments of danger he is stern and resolute, but at other times his natural disposition is to be one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men.

BEAUFORT CASTLE, in Inverness-shire, which Mr. Vanderbilt recently took at a rent of £2,000 a year, is the seat of Lord Loval, one of the few genuine Highland chieftains who are left. The castle is a comparatively modern structure, and was built in the Scotch baronial style by the present peer. Lord Loval is the lineal male heir of the original chiefs of the famous and war-like clan Fraser; he is a Roman Catholic, and probably the largest landowner of purely Highland origin in the whole shire. The castle grounds are the centre of some 160,000 acres of land, which are, however, of small agricultural value.

DR. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, the most noted war correspondent of the day, is seventy-four years of age. His connection with the TIMES dates from 1843, and he represented that paper throughout the Crimea War with a brilliancy and vigour that increased the prestige even of that influential organ. His articles called into life a new spirit of patriotism throughout the country; they were read with eager interest wherever the English tongue was spoken. When the Indian Mutiny broke out he once more left England for the scene of action, and returned only to go abroad again during the American War of 1861-2. He was also the special correspondent of the TIMES in the Austro-Prussian and Franco-German Wars. Russell's "Narrative of the Crimean War" was one of the most successful books of the time; 60,000 copies were sold within a few weeks of its first appearance, and he has since published his personal reminiscences of that memorable struggle.

THE accident which befel Mr. Henry Matthews, M.P., the other night was not altogether a happy one. He had, it appears, some correspondence to discharge, and retired for that purpose into the "No" division lobby, as he fondly imagined. A Bill introduced by members of the Irish Party was under discussion, and consequently, on hearing the division bell, he did not consider it necessary to go into the House to discover the party lines on which the vote was being taken. Immersed in his writing, he did not look up again until the lobby doors had been closed and locked. What was his consternation to find himself the centre of a group of Irishmen, and to realise that he had fallen into the amusing error of mistaking the "Aye" lobby for the "No" lobby. There was, of course, nothing for him to do but to record his vote against his own party, while the Irish members improved the occasion by reminding him of the time when he first entered the House of Commons as Nationalist member for Dungarvan.

CYCLING NOTES.

MR. R. L. JEFFERSON, whose ride to Constantinople last year attracted some attention, purposes starting in a few weeks on a ride to Moscow. Mr. Jefferson is a cycling journalist, and his accounts of his experiences on his Constantinople trip were interesting reading. He has since reproduced them in book form, and cyclists who can afford to go in for extended trips might glean many useful tips from the little volume. No doubt he will turn his Moscow tour to account in the same way.

THE Marquis of Londonderry, who is an active rider, has shown his interest in the sport by associating himself with cycle clubdom in becoming President of the London County Club. His lordship is an all-round sportsman. The Marquis of Queensberry is a capital rider, and occasionally joins the Bath Road Club on its runs, having, indeed, on more than one occasion taken a seat on a tandem with C. A. Smith, of that club, once famous as a breaker of London to Brighton and other records.

THE pneumatic principle as applied to saddles is again being discussed, and the general impression is that while air saddles are probable preferably for quiet, middle-aged people and for women, they are not so suitable for the hard rider, the road scorcher, or those who may go in for extensive touring. It is certainly remarkable that notwithstanding undoubted improvements which have been effected, the pneumatic saddle has completely failed to oust the old-fashioned hard seat, and it is beginning to look as though the pneumatic saddle will attract less attention in the future and gradually die out.

LAST winter's cycle shows were chiefly remarkable for revealing practically no important advance in construction, and patterns seem to have settled down to an almost monotonous sameness. Large tubes and narrow treads were the watchwords, and these are now almost universal. A distinct novelty of the year is the bamboo cycle, which may be interesting as showing of what bamboo is capable; but the innovation can scarcely be said to have caught the public taste, nor has it been received with enthusiasm by the critics. There may be a future for the bamboo bicycle, but it seems doubtful in view of the fact that the vehicle has not yet established its claims, although before the cycling world for several months.

NOTHING in the history of cycling is more wonderful than the sudden and whole-souled way in which Society has taken to the wheel. France led the way, and, of course, America and England followed, and the number of fashionable Britons who now cycle is remarkable, and it is increasing every day, the ladies being even more wildly desirous of disporting themselves than the men. Perhaps the feverish agitation on the "rational dress" question is to some extent responsible for this. No woman likes to be out of it when there is an excuse for getting into a new style of costume. The majority of women cyclists still cling to the skirt, but there are occasions when the skirt does not cling to them, and this is the strongest argument in favour of what the Americans will call "Bloomers," or die for it.

IT is said that Mr. A. J. Balfour will succeed the late Earl of Albermarle as President of the National Cyclists' Union, which body is the Jockey Club of the cycling world in England. Mr. Balfour, although not quite so enthusiastic on cycling as he is about golf, has been a rider for a considerable time, and is a thorough believer in the pastime, a circumstance which may be due to the influence of his brother, Colonel Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish, who has done almost as much as any officer in the service to make military cycling a reality. With Mr. Balfour President of the National Cyclists' Union, and Sir Richard Webster holding a similar office in the Amateur Athletic Association, the front Opposition bench will be well "in it" in the world of sport.

THE cycling notes in *P.W.* having found favour in the past with the large number of readers of the paper who are cyclists, there is no apology needed for recommencing them in the present issue. They will appear every alternate week during the summer months, and the object will be to make them interesting and instructive at all times, occasionally edifying and even elevating. A tame cyclist is kept on the premises, and he is willing and desirous that readers of *P.W.* should dig deep in the mine of wheel lore of which he may be said to be sole proprietor, and which he has no present intention of offering to the public through the medium of the company promoter. Cycling information of all kinds can be had in small or large quantities without applying to "any respectable chemist." No genuine thirst for knowledge left unquenched. Country orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.2 p.m. on Saturday, April 20th, and 8.13 p.m. on April 27th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

*Signature*_____

Available until midnight, April 27th, 1895.

Next week, "Cricket Notes" on column three of this page will herald the cricket season of 1895. Cricket and Cycling Notes will alternately occupy this column throughout the summer.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

II.

One of the army of "Stamp Album" correspondents, writing from Scotland the other day, inclosed some score of stamps from a collection which he had formed as a schoolboy thirty years ago. He took it for granted, he said, that they were probably genuine, for the naïve reason that there could not have been so many forgeries in these early days as there are now. It happened that only one out of his whole list of stamps was genuine. As for his theory that forgeries are a latter-day product, it is, of course, an absurdly mistaken one. The palmy days of the forgeries were from 1865 to 1880, and the manufacture of bogus imitations declined after that, not so much because of any law as for the reason that the formation of philatelic societies, and, more important still, the multiplication of illustrated philatelic papers, rendered it unprofitable.

There are, it must be admitted, a good many forgeries still changing hands in England. "Our Stamp Album" has been instrumental in exposing a number of these, and in putting a stop to their sale, at least, to its readers. Wherever dealers are found trafficking in these fradulent impositions "Our Stamp Album" is always glad to learn their names and addresses, and to have sent to it for inspection the spurious wares they have sold. Most of these forgeries, however, date back to the period mentioned, and are no longer produced or supplied in quantities. They come into the dealers' hands from the old collections, like our Scottish friend's, formed by the schoolboys of the sixties and seventies. Honest dealers, when these come into their possession, destroy them. Others do not, but pass them on, when they can, to the schoolboy of to-day.

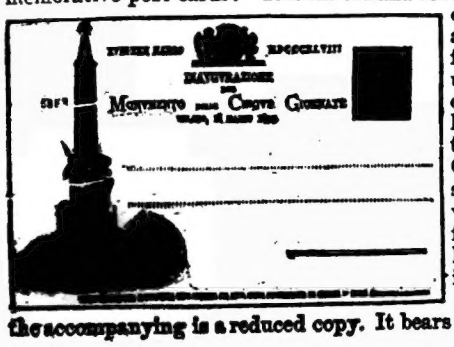
Upon this subject C. J. C., of Blackfriars, writes to point out that, aside from forgeries, our young people, and some of the older ones, too, are being victimised by innumerable sets of worthless reprints like Bergedorf, Heligoland, and the first Samoa, and by all manner of wholly valuless locals and telegraph, railway, and fiscal stamps, which no dealer ought to sell at all. He revives a suggestion which has been made before, that the readers of "Our Stamp Album" should form an Anti-trash Association. We shall be glad to hear their views on the matter, and to help them if there seems a chance of doing good in the direction of relieving philately of this reproach.

A great many stamps are sent to "Our Stamp Album" for its judgment, but only rarely is a correspondent so fortunate as G. M., of Lavender Hill,

who inclosed an unused Ceylon two shilling blue, of the type illustrated herewith, imperforate, and bearing the red surcharge "Service." He was disposed to regard it as of doubtful character, but a firm of dealers at once offered £5 for it, and in their special catalogue of rarities asked £7 10s. for it. It seems to be unknown in a used state—at least, there is no quotation for it in that condition.

There is always on hand, in our correspondence, some inquiry about the famous V.R. stamp. The latest is from F. J. T., of Penzance, who says he has a black British penny stamp with these initials in the upper corners, but "hardly ventures to think he possesses the actual rarity." There is no reason why he should not have it, especially as he has an old collection. The V.R. now brings £11, according to the last London auction price, which means that it is less than half as rare as the Tuscany three lire yellow, and a third as rare as the Spain two reales red of 1851, both of which were also sold at this auction. These two latter stamps, moreover, were issued to the public in their time, and were in active postal use. On the other hand, the British V.R. was never issued, but was in the nature of an essay, intended for franking official letters only. We do not know that any information exists as to how many were printed, or how they became distributed among collectors at large. It may be that a good many of our readers possess them. It should be borne in mind, however, that since V.R.'s went up in price an ingenious swindle has been devised, by which the stars are scraped out of the top corners of the ordinary black penny stamp, and the magic initials inserted by hand types. A close inspection suffices to detect the fraud, but it may easily deceive the casual eye.

Where should the line be drawn in the matter of commemorative post cards? It is an old and vexed question continually referred to us and to other philatelic editors. D. S. G., for instance, writes from Milan, inclosing a card, of which the accompanying is a reduced copy. It bears the stencil-



number 5,925, which shows that each one of the 10,000 cards issued has a different number—indicating, in turn, that the Italian Government at least has no doubts on the score of whether they should be collected or not. The monument figured on the card is beautifully engraved and printed in bronze-green, as is the shield and top date-line. The rest of the printing, including the stamp, is in red. The occasion of the issue was the inauguration of the monument at Milan last month to the memory of over 300 citizens who fell during the memorable five days' insurrection (March 18th to 22nd, 1848), which drove the Austrians out of the city. It is a notable event in Italian modern history, and deserves commemoration a good deal more than some of the royal silver weddings and jubilees which have whole sets of stamps to celebrate them. But ought the card in question to be collected? From a philatelic point of view, no. The stamp is precisely the same as that on ordinary cards, which seems to us the only possible post card rule. But as a curiosity, a relic, something, apart from mere catalogue place and value, yes. The same remark applies to the mourning-cards bearing portraits of the late Alexander III., issued in Paris. They are interesting, but they are not philately.

Several correspondents, noting the warnings in "Our Stamp Album" against having anything to do with the so-called Principality of Trinidad stamps, have written to point out that Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal, under date of February 28th, included them among its list of special bargains for March, offering the set of six for 4s. 6d., or 40s. per dozen sets. We are sorry that this is true, because the *imprimatum* of this firm still carries much weight in the trade, and no doubt the Monthly Journal will be quoted in defence of many really indefensible transactions in these preposterous stamps. But it is gratifying to be able to add that Messrs. Stanley Gibbons have in practice repudiated the announcement in their own periodical, and are not only not selling the stamps in question, but say that none have been sold across their counter in the Strand. A long list of other dealers who have refused to touch them could be made.

A recent remark in "Our Stamp Album" about the value of the so-called "Connell" stamp of New Brunswick, which Scott this year catalogues at £28, has brought letters from a number of readers who fancy they are lucky enough to possess it. In three cases the stamp itself has been forwarded for inspection. Two of these are clumsy forgeries; the third is a silver-print photograph on plain paper, toned to simulate very well the purplish brown of the original, and it might readily deceive anybody who was not on the look out for it. There is safety, however, in the fact that the photograph is not perforated, whereas the genuine "Connell" is *perf.* 12.

The Republic of Brazil has added four stamps of higher values, a 500 reis blue and black, 700r violet and black, 1,000r green and violet, and 2,000r yellow-brown and violet, to its new issue, and we give a reproduction of the one novel design among these additions. The utilisation of Mercury is not new, for Greece, Austria, Uruguay, and other States have tried it, the first-named, indeed, to the exclusion of everything else, but nobody but the Brazilians have ventured upon such a Mercury—with such a neck.

We are informed that a set of Dahomey stamps are to be placed on the market in a few days. The French are in practical control there, so far as European influence exists at all, but whether the stamps are to be a mere variation in lettering on the insufferably tedious French colonial type, or something original, does not as yet appear.

(*Science Notes next week.*)

She (looking round the room): "What lovely interior decorations."

He (looking over the loaded table): "Delightful, I am sure."

Temperance Orator: "How strange that a man will put an enemy down his throat to steal away his brains."

Voice in the Audience: "Great Scott! Is that where you carry your brains?"

Cumso: "Dr. Tonsil is looking down in the mouth a good deal now."

Fangle: "I thought he was working up a large practice."

Cumso: "Yes; but it is as a specialist in throat troubles."

Mrs. Scribbler (impressively): "Whatever you do, never, never marry a newspaper man."

School Chum: "Why?"

"I married one, and I know. Every night my husband brings home a big bundle of newspapers from all over the country, and they drive me crazy."

"The newspapers?"

"Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains in shops a hundred miles away."

SCIENTIFIC FOOLING.

This, if a permissible form of expression, is a term which might fitly apply to the latest inhumanity inflicted in the name of science.

The astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist.

The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvæ of amphibians. Each of these were cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts.

Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in twenty-four hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week and more.

"HATS OFF!"

Two characteristics mark the Russian people; an intense reverence for the Tsar, and an idolising adoration for the mere picture of any royal or sacred personage. While visiting Kieff, an English lawyer entered a telegraph office.

As he passed through the door, he gave the usual continental salute by raising his hat; but he had advanced only a few steps within the room when a loud shout bade him take off his hat. The Englishman went up to the shouting official, and apologised for his unintentional rudeness.

"It is not for me, sir," replied the clerk. "It is for the Emperor," and he pointed over his shoulder to an unflattering coloured picture of His Majesty, the Emperor of All the Russias.

The most sacred entrance to the Kremlin, at Moscow, is the Redeemer gate, so called because there is hung in it a picture of the Saviour—a picture of great sanctity. Even the Emperor has to uncover his head as he passes through this gate. The passage under the gate is a long one, but even in a terrific snow-storm every one uncovers his head.

The traveller is told that when Napoleon refused to take his hat off while passing before the sacred picture, a sudden gust of wind took it off for him.

An Urgent Call.—She: "One of the legs of our sofa is broken. Will you come at once and mend it?"

Carpenter: "I'm very busy just now, Miss. Won't to-morrow do?"

"Oh, dear, no. It must be ready by 7.30 this evening."

Borrowes: "Nellie, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain."

Mrs. B.: "I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetfern last night."

Borrowes: "What on earth did you do that for? Didn't you know it was *his!*"

An Earnest Student.—Small Boy: "Mamma, where's the dictionary. I'm writin' a composition."

Fond Mother: "Bless his little heart. You are determined to have everything correct, aren't you? The dictionary is on the lower shelf in the library."

Small Boy: "Well, I wish you'd get it and keep it by you, so when I ask you how to spell a word you can find out."

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420 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of Claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

£1000 COUPON TICKET. specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

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INSURANCE TICKET *Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature _____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, April 19th, 1895, until Midnight Saturday, April 27th, 1895. *(See column 3, page 667.)*

Are you a devourer of *Short Stories?* There is a paper of that name, of which you may or may not have heard, that will give you the best value in this direction for your penny. Try one number.

LOVE AND SHORTHAND.

The demure young lady with the frizzy hair, who plays so tunefully on the typewriter, uses a well-known system of shorthand. So does the bookkeeper with the incipient moustache and the nervous manner. Between the two slips of paper passed quite frequently, on which were written strange hieroglyphics.

The manager noticed this transmission of thought, and also noticed that the lady grew more demure when she read the notes, and the bookkeeper acted in a more nervous manner than usual. Each time the manager inquired into the subject-matter of the notes he was told that they merely referred to business matters.

But he had his doubts, and when occasion offered he secured a bit of paper that had passed between the two sign-writers several times. He took the writing to a shorthand school, and asked them to transcribe it.

The result was sent to him; here it is.

"Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"How much do you love?"

"More than £1,000,000,000."

"The manager is an ass!"

"You must not say that."

"Sweet goodness, how I adore you!"

"And I—I shall never think of anyone but you."

"While your delightful face is before me I cannot work."

"Come in the back room and kiss me."

And now the manager is trying to discover what excuse he will give the two when he discharges them.

SOME QUEER IDEAS.

Some of the most extraordinary inventions for war purposes are to be found among the files of the American Patent Office.

One of these takes the form of a battle-ship, which is to have three decks. Each deck is divided up into twelve rooms. Instead of masts there are three elevators, so arranged that each of them shall open into four rooms on each deck. The rooms are built like safes, with every possible burglar proof contrivance. The ship is otherwise arranged like any other ship of war.

The arrangement described is provided as a precaution in case of defeat in battle. In that event the vessel being threatened with capture her officers and crews retreat by the elevators into the rooms, in which they lock themselves and defy the enemy. The rooms are fitted up with every modern convenience for comfort.

One of the oddest of inventions is a projectile which carries a huge knife blade, like an enormous chopping knife. It is intended to mow down men as with a scythe.

Another inventor has recorded a suggestion for a projectile with a hole through the middle, designed to enable the gunner to get a dead centre sight. Of course, the notion is absurd, inasmuch as the marksman does not fire straight at the target. He must allow for the trajectory, for the "drift" of the shot due to its revolution caused by the rifling, for the wind, and, on shipboard, for the movements of the vessels engaged in conflict.

Another ingenious idea has been patented by one Thomas Hill. It is a ram for the bow of a ship, containing a gun, which fires automatically after the ram has punched a hole through the ship's side. A device for covering a vessel with pockets to receive and hold projectiles which strike the craft has not been found available by the Navy.

75 BURGLARY CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Subscribed Capital . . . £263,720.

Head Offices: 40 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON COVERING LOSS OF £20 BY BURGLARY OR HOUSEBREAKING.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Householder of any occupied private Dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any goods (other than coins, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £20, provided the current and Two previous week's issues of *Pearson's Weekly* with the Coupons signed in ink with the usual signature of the Claimant (such Coupons being so signed prior to the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking taking place), be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous weeks' issue of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. For the purposes of this Coupon an occupied dwelling house shall be deemed to be a house in which there was, at the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking being committed, at least one person, such person being legally on the premises, and using the premises as his or her ordinary place of abode, or a responsible person placed in charge of the premises by the said Householder. No claim is paid where any member of Householder's family, servants, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon from this paper can be claimed under by any one Householder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

Signature _____

April 27th, 1895.

(To be written in ink.)

ARMY NOTES.

No. II.

Before dealing with the causes which lead to dissatisfaction, there is one matter of considerable interest to the would-be soldier, and even still more so, perhaps, to those of my readers who may have some relative at present serving in the army, viz.: Food.

Soldiers' Food. Speaking from personal experience, I have no hesitation in stating that the food at present supplied to the British soldier is not only better than it ever was before, it is in excess of that given to men in any Continental army, but is fully adequate to satisfy not only the hearty appetite of a newly-joined recruit, but is actually more than sufficient in the case of a seasoned soldier, who has finished growing, and no longer requires building up.

If any one doubts the correctness of my statement, let him ask the non-com. officer in the charge of any barrack-room he likes if it is not a fact that a certain amount of ration per head is unconsumed daily.

Parliamentary Commission on Soldiers' Rations. In October, 1888, a Parliamentary Commission was appointed to consider and report "Whether the soldiers' rations afforded a sufficient diet, and whether it should be increased or varied."

Numerous witnesses of all ranks were examined, and their evidence was unanimous that the quantity was sufficient as regards meat, but as regards bread a change was desirable, not as to quantity, but quality.

Formerly ration bread was made of flour, known as "London Seconds," in loaves, each weighing four pounds, and it was stated that certain portions of each loaf were not sufficiently cooked, the result being that the bread became sour and uneatable a few hours after being served out, and that the darkness of the flour was objected to by the men, most of whom before joining had been accustomed to white bread. It was suggested, therefore, that ration bread should be made from the same quality of flour as used for hospital loaves, *i.e.*, households No. 1, and in 2lb. instead of 4lb. loaves.

Both recommendations were agreed to, notwithstanding the fact that the alteration involved the British taxpayer in an annual increased expenditure of £11,200 (difference in price of flour, £7,000; extra expense in making the smaller-sized loaves, £4,200), and yet people say that nothing is ever done for the soldiers' comfort if to do so involves any expenditure of public funds.

In their report the Commission laid particular stress on the fact that little or no attention appears to have been paid to minor details, such as the collection of bones to form "stock" for soup, the utilising of dripping, and the judicious expenditure of messing money (3½d. per day), and they showed how Colonel Burnett, 1st Battalion Royal Rifles, assisted by officers under him, having undertaken the expenditure of the gross amount thus realised in his regiment, not only contrived to materially improve the soldiers' dinner (to the enhancement of which, and the purchase of milk, sugar, tea, and coffee, the whole amount had hitherto been devoted), but also to provide little luxuries—butter, jam, etc., for breakfast, and tea—things undreamt of in my time, except by payment out of my own pocket.

It is satisfactory to note that officers are taking considerably more interest than formerly in the all-important detail of soldiers' food, and I question very much whether the average working-man lives so well, take the year through, as the British soldier, who is better fed than any other soldier in the world, his meat allowance being 12oz., as against France, 10·58oz., down to Turkey, with only 9·06oz. So much for the food supply.

Some Causes of Dissatisfaction. I have already stated that no man is asked to enlist under false pretences, a full statement of what he will receive in return for his services being placed at his disposal.

Now, however, it may be in after life, when most of us look back with pleasure to our schooldays, when first we went to school the majority of us would probably have given anything to be home again, especially during the first term; and much the same sort of feeling obtains in regard to the army.

In both instances discipline has to be maintained, but in the case of a recruit, from the day of joining, any orders he may receive must be obeyed implicitly and without demur.

To a young fellow fresh from civilian life, who has been allowed to do pretty much as he likes without being interfered with, it is a disagreeable novelty to be told by a non-com. officer, possibly younger than himself, that he must do so-and-so, and be sharp about it.

As often as not he resents, is promptly punished, and from that moment becomes a discontented soldier, one of the very worst things that can happen to him.

Concerning Recruits. I cannot help thinking that if, for the first month, say, recruits could be placed under the sole control of senior non-commissioned officers — men specially selected on account of their possessing tact, combined with the necessary degree of firmness—the result would be in every way satisfactory.

In these days of short service it is obvious that to get full value out of our soldiers it is necessary to render them efficient at the earliest date possible, which can only be done by a regular and continued system of drill. The result is a newly-joined recruit has hardly any time he can call his own—it is drill, drill, drill! all day long, and when he has finished his day's work he is too tired to care for any recreation in or out of barracks, but turns in as early as he can, tired out, and disgusted with the whole thing.

Here, I think, there is certainly scope for improvement. During the first week or two drill is mainly restricted to practising the goosestep, balancing motions, and physical exercises, without arms; all more or less dreary and monotonous undertakings, and some of them really hard work as well. Drill-sergeants are not, as a rule, the most conciliatory men in the army (goodness knows, the awkwardness of some recruits is enough to try their patience well-nigh beyond the period of endurance); the consequence is, after being spoken to sharply or sarcastically time after time during a drill lesson, the recruit becomes disgusted, the more so as he realises it will be the same thing day after day, without any break or intermission, until he is dismissed drill.

Now, what I would suggest is, that the period daily devoted to such drill be varied somewhat, say an hour one day and half an hour the next, or something of that sort, and that a whole half-holiday, no fatigue duty or anything, be granted each Wednesday, thus affording a recruit an opportunity to indulge in a game of cricket or football—as good as drill in its way—or to revel in what all soldiers enjoy, when they can get it, a "lie down" of an afternoon.

In other words, I would try and make the transition from the freedom of home life and its surroundings to the strict military discipline of a barracks, without which our army could not for a day be maintained in a state of efficiency, more gradual than it is at present.

"It is the first step which cuts," as the French proverb says; and it is not, I am sure, so much a dislike to the army as a profession, on the part of the soldier who has been dismissed drill, as the petty, irritating annoyances which the recruit seems to be ever encountering when first he joins.

(*Notes on Smoking next week.*)

"I hear Smith has got married to a Naples lady."

"Yes; he went South to save his lungs and lost his heart."

Little Miss Freckles (proudly): "My new doll winds up and walks."

Little Miss Mug (airily): "If I'd a-known that kind was bein' sold, I'd a got one for a waiting-maid for my dollie."

Mr. Dun: "But, my dear fellow, this account has been running seven years."

Scientific Debtor: "That's right, old man. But you know every atom of a man's system changes in seven years. I am not the man who bought the goods."

Irate Patron: "See here, sir. I dropped a penny into this machine, and nothing came out."

Agent: "If nothing came out of it, that shows it's empty."

"But, sir, what do I get for my penny?"

"Information."

Mr. Newedd: "How is that, my love? Nothing in the house to eat? I gave you money this morning."

Mrs. Newedd: "Yes, I know; but I ran against the most exquisitely charming dinner gong—awfully fashionable, you know—and I couldn't resist the temptation to buy it."

"But what shall we do for dinner?"

"We can listen to the gong."

The following are the winners of pencil-cases in the "Unfortunate Slip" competition:

W. Bowe, Palace Green, Durham; A. T. Bellamy, Spencer House, 97, Kennington Road, S.E.; W. Hocking, 9, Walker Terrace, Plymouth, Devon; J. T. Payne, 1, St. Luke's Road, Pallion, Sunderland; Henry Burr, 60, Granville Road, Walthamstow; Miss Grace Brooker, c.o. Miss Willoughby, Home of Rest, Shanklin, I. of W.; T. T. Collier, Crescent Temperance Hotel, Cattle Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Metcalf, Withersfield Green, nr. Newmarket, Suffolk; Miss M. P. Giles, Iona, Waveney Avenue, Peckham Rye, S.E.; George Haley, 10, Heath Field Place, Halifax; Mrs E. M. Rowell, 18, Bruce Street, Northampton; H. P. Knott, 27, Gairlock Street, Vestry Road, Camberwell, S.E.; R. Overy, Leavesden, Watford; Beresford Shore, Fuye Lodge, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne; C. E. Steer, 33, Alma Street, Newport, Mon.; C. M. Bayliss, Brigg Grammar School, Lincs.; Miss E. Goodwin, Warden's Lodge, Christ's Hospital, E.C.; A. L. Hitchen, Swansell House, Bird Street, Coventry; George Langley, 49, Commercial Street, Mountain Ash; Miss G. Prince-Stevenson, 45, Norton Road, West Brighton; W. H. Elliott, 82, Cromwell Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; R. Charville, signalman, Selhurst Station, L.B. & S.C.R., South Norwood, S.E.; D. F. Fagan, Le Manoir, Colborn Road, Guernsey, C.I.; G. Reynolds, N. Newton Board School, Bridgwater; John Howard, Mynad Llwr, Pontardulais, S. Wales; H. Emery, 17, Lower Church Street, Chepstow; Miss F. M. Hawell, Doorhill, Poole Road, Bournemouth; W. Louis Chapple, 19, Temple Street, Queen's Road, N.E.; Miss G. Broadbent, Station Road, Castleford; James Crook, 40, High Street, Penistone, nr. Sheffield; R. J. Partick, 63, West Graham Street, Garnethill, Glasgow; W. Woodhouse, Mitchelgate, Kirkby Lonsdale; T. Vincent Suche, 2, Brent Hill Villas, Hanwell, W.; P. W. Bedford, Cray Cottage, Crayford; A. Mackinnon, Steam Packet Office, Oban; T. Richards, 81, Brunswick Street, Sheffield; W. T. Brown, Ardgay, Ross-shire; B. H. Wales, Fairview, Frobisher Road, Hornsey, N.; John Watson, Parochial Offices, Bedlington, R.S.O.; Walker Hones, Kinross, Park Row, Moseley, Birmingham; Mrs. E. Beardmore, Black Lane, Cheadle, Stoke-on-Trent; A. R. Evans, 3, Gloucester Cottages, Sandgate, Kent; W. Prewett, Kilmeston, Alresford, Hants.; Will Small, 119, Wright Street, Small Heath, Birmingham; J. Scarnelle, 201, Malmesbury Road, Bow, E.; E. T. G. Goodson, 91, High Street, Standish, nr. Wigan; G. F. Dawson, 234, Park Square, Leeds; J. Pollard, 22, Goodiers, Salford, Manchester; W. Hilling, c.o. Mr. F. Sawyer, High Street, Downby-Farnborough, Kent; J. Winfield, 29, Streatfield Street, Burdett Road, E.

"Vesuvian" will occupy the last two columns of this page in next week's issue with a third whiff of his famous "Smoking Mixture."

Now First Published.]

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. I. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom with him.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armen, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armen, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. With her he leads the hosts of Armen to war against Nineveh, and challenges Nimrod to single combat between the hosts under the walls of the city. Just as he unhorses him Babel and Nineveh are destroyed by an earthquake. Valdar saves Ilma and rides away. They are overtaken by the Simoom. To save her the agony of being choked he kills her, and dies beside her.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, his arm stiffens, and he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amemphis brings Valdar to life again. Before the altar of Ptah, Cleopatra and Valdar take oath to restore Egypt's fortunes. After a brilliant victory over the Alexandrians off Pelusium, they are just about to land when news is brought that Cæsar's fleet is anchored off the Mole of Alexandria. Next morning it transpires that Cleopatra was gone over to Cæsar. All Valdar's hopes are blasted, and he becomes a free lance. In the course of a sea fight he rescues Cæsar.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ACTIUM.

WHEN we reached the deck the battle was already over, and only a score or so of shattered wrecks lay floating about the harbour and a few galleys flying seaward, with my own sea-wolves in hot pursuit, remained out of the Alexandrian fleet. Cæsar at once went on shore, and I soon followed him when I had performed such toilet as was necessary, after the battle.

There was a guard of Pretorians waiting for me on the quay to conduct me to the palace, and when I joined them my war finery was as smart and my helm and sword and mail were as bright and spotless as those of a knight on the morn of his maiden fight. But the battle glow had died out of my blood now, and I followed my guard in silence and cold and bitter anger, thinking only of the shame that had been brought upon me and Egypt by the treachery of the fair wanton to whose base-bought throne I was going.

When the bronze doors of the audience hall swung open and I strode in attended by my guard of honour I saw nothing of the splendours of the chambers, nothing of the brilliant throng that stood on either hand, watching me with all its eyes.

I saw only Cleopatra, crowned and throned in her mock-royal state, and Cæsar her lover and her master—by the Gods! he might better have been her father, with his grey hair and thin furrowed face—sitting in a chair beside her, with a smile of contentment upon his face.

As I approached with my eyes fixed on that fair, false face of her I saw it flush rosy red from chin to brow with the scarlet hue of shame and then grow pale and grey as the ashes of a burnt-out fire. But she mastered herself and her proud spirit rose again under the goad of all those eyes that were staring at her, and, holding out her hand for me to kiss, she said, as a queen might have spoken to a favoured servant:

"We thank thee in the name of Egypt, my lord Terai, for the great service thou hast this day done to us and our great ally."

I only touched her hand with mine for an instant, just long enough to feel that it was cold as the hand of a corpse, nor did I raise it to my lips, for sooner than have kissed it I would have crushed it out of shape in my grip, and in answer to her greeting I said, looking full into the shrinking, staring eyes that I held captive the while:

"The graciousness of Royal Egypt is too great. I am but a poor homeless rover, and I and my sea-dogs did but join in the fight from love of battle, and because the Alexandrians attacked us first. As for the noble Cæsar, Royal Egypt does not need to be told that a service to him can win no higher reward than the honour of doing it, even though the service had little honour in itself."

She was quick to read the hidden meaning of my smoothly spoken words, for she blanched again and her eyes fell. Then after a little silence she spoke again and said:

"Then if that is so, as it surely is, may we not hope that my lord Terai and his gallant followers will join us in the fight, which our disloyal subjects compel us to wage for our rights and our throne? Such stout hearts and strong arms would be welcome to us now, would they not, my Julius?"

Gods! I could have slain her where she sat for those two sweetly-spoken words, but when I looked at Cæsar and saw those stern eyes of his soften and grow brighter as the lovelight seemed to flash from hers into them, I remembered that if she had sold herself, it was for a conquest greater than that of Egypt's throne, for this man, this lord of Rome and master of the world, loved her and had laid his heart at her feet when the whole world lay at his, and so for the moment I forgot my anger and said, speaking this time in the hermetic language:

"Nay, Royal Egypt, that is as impossible as it is needless. I have no part or lot in the Land of Khem, for the oath that I swore is dissolved, and she whose ally is Cæsar needs no other champion. I will but stay till my ships are refitted, and then I can no longer hold my sea-dogs in the leash."

"What speech is that?" asked Cæsar looking up sharply. "It is one I have never heard before."

"Then," said I with a short laugh, "thou hast a great pleasure in store, noble Cæsar, for thou wilt learn it hereafter in thine hours of leisure from the fairest lips that ever made human speech into music."

"A courtly speech," smiled Cæsar, "and as well turned as ever I have heard tripped off a Greek or Persian tongue. But now perhaps you will interpret for me, for I would gladly know your answer to the Queen's question, and if you will stay with us you shall neither find honour wanting nor Rome ungrateful."

I told him what I had said, and though he pressed me to change my mind I remained firm in my refusal, for I would have been hewn in pieces before her sooner than I would have endured the shame of serving the fair traitress who was sitting there so shamelessly on the throne that she had bought with the price of her own honour and Egypt's hope.

I was lodged that night in the palace, and I had not slept long before I was awakened by a light hand laid upon my shoulder. I looked up and there stood Iras.

"From the Queen," she said, laying a little roll upon my breast. "I will await my lord at the door."

I unrolled the scroll and read by the light of my chamber lamp:

"Come to me, for I have that to say which could not be said in Cæsar's presence, or while the idle ears of the Court were listening. Iras will conduct you. Cæsar sleeps. "CLEOPATRA."

Had I obeyed that message, as my first impulse was to do, and succumbed once more, as I might have done, to the fatal charms of her who sent it, the whole story of Rome and the East, from that day might have been written otherwise than it has been. But my next thought was one of wrath, deep and bitter, and then of cold scorn for the shamelessness of such a letter sent at such a time. So, sending the slave who had been sleeping across my doorway, for a reed pen and ink, I wrote on the same scroll beneath her writing these words:

"Terai of Armen and Cleopatra of Egypt will not meet again till Isis demands the penalty of the oath that was sworn in the Temple of Ptah."

I gave this to Iras with so sternly spoken a command to take it back to her mistress that she shrank away from me shivering and frightened, and when she had vanished into the gloom of the long pillared corridor, I dressed and armed myself and went down to the quay where my galleys were lying, for I knew Egyptian ways well enough by this time to be sure that after such a message I could no longer sleep safely in the Lochias.

Cæsar had already given me a safe conduct naming me and mine friends of Cæsar and allies of Rome, and this opened the harbour for us without question. I left a written farewell for him and a free explanation of the true reason of my sudden departure, and then we fared forth with our galleys refitted and well laden to seek what fortune there might be for us on the sea. And now I must hasten on to tell you how it came to pass that the threat of my answer to Cleopatra was fulfilled, and she and I came to meet each other once more and for the last time.

Nearly seventeen long years had passed; for me they were years of wandering on sea and land, of fighting and feasting, plunder and foray, victory and reverse; for her they had been years of splendid shame and golden wickedness; and for the world years of strife and crime and plotting whose results still live and work among you. The great Julius had fallen beneath the daggers of his assassins. Octavian was fast rising to take his place, and he and Antony were about to begin their brief and deadly struggle for the empire of Rome and the mastery of the world. There is little need for me to tell you which side I took with the thirty stout galleys and three thousand sea-rovers who now fought under my lead, for on the one side was the stern-souled Octavian, the adopted son and lawful heir of Cæsar, and on the other were the adulterous Antony and the twice sold harlot, Cleopatra; and by this choice it came about that I, Terai the Wanderer through the Ages, shot, as you shall see, the arrow which changed the history of the world.

According to your reckoning, it was the morning of the second of September in the thirty-first year before the Coming of the Christ. On the coast of Epirus, by the Ambracian Gulf, Octavian was encamped with eighty thousand footmen and twelve thousand horse covered by a fleet of five hundred galleys, large and small, of which I and my sea-dogs were the eyes and ears. On the Acarnanian shore to the south lay Antony with a host of a hundred thousand foot and twelve thousand horse, protected by a fleet of great galleys commanding the narrow strait between the gulf and the sea.

The day before and the morning had been dead calm, but towards mid-day a breeze sprang up from the eastward, and then we saw a sight which rejoiced no heart in all our vast host as it rejoiced mine, for there were the towering sails of the great galleys moving out of the narrow waters into that famous bay of Actium.

Octavian had embarked in the morning, and our fleet lay in two divisions to the north—one commanded by the Imperator and the other by Agrippa—while I, with my sea-wolves howling for battle and plunder, lay off the right wing watching our chance. If you could have seen the two fleets as those mighty galleys of Antony's came out you would hardly have thought victory possible for us; but mere strength is not always power, as we proved before that deadly day's work was done.

We had on our side a swarm of light Liburnian galleys, which were then the swiftest craft that floated, and when the battle opened they went at the great slow-moving wooden castles like wolves at a herd of cattle. Then our two divisions bore down while the Liburnians crashed in among the big galleys, splintering their oars and raining showers of arrows into the crowds of soldiers that swarmed on Antony's decks.

As the two fleets met, and the battle-engines on their decks began to hurl their storms of stones and leaden bullets and javelins into each other's decks and sides, I led my sea-wolves round to the south, where I saw the royal banner of Egypt flying.

"The wind is coming from the north," said old Hatho—who was still my well-loved lieutenant—as we neared them, and I made out in the midst of the Alexandrians a stately galley whose bulwarks were plated with gold and on whose deck I saw, standing by the mast, splendidly robed and crowned with the diadem of Isis, the woman who had called me back to life to teach me anew the bitterness that is worse than death.

"What if the Queen should lose heart, and those galleys—a good three score, are they not?—should fly with this north wind out of the fight? What would happen then, my Hatho?" I said.

"We should win the day quicker, but lose some glorious plunder," replied the old sea-dog with a grin that showed half his fangs.

I made no answer, but went into my cabin and took a strip of parchment and wrote on it in the hermetic character.

"From Terai of Armen to Cleopatra, the harlot-queen greeting:

"The eyes of Isis are upon thee. As thy faith is so shall her mercy or her judgment be, according to thine oath. The Hathors wait in the Halls of Osiris and the words of doom are written in the Book of the Dead."

This I bound tightly round an arrow, and then I went up on to the forecastle and fitted the shaft to my bow. The splendid figure still stood beside the mast. We were much nearer now, and I could see Cleopatra as plainly as she could see me. As I raised my bow three men sprang before her to cover her with their shields. I drew the shaft to the point, and sent it singing on its way. It struck the mast a foot above the shields and stuck there quivering. I saw them pull it out, and then I gave the unwelcome order to rejoin the main battle.

Our oars had scarcely carried us a furlong before we saw the great purple sails of Cleopatra's galley hoisted and hauled round to the north wind. She swept out with ever-increasing way on her to the southward, and then up went every other Egyptian sail, and the whole fleet of three-score splendid galleys with their cargoes of craven hearts cleared themselves from the press of the battle, and bore southward out of the bay after their flying Queen.

Then there went up from Antony's fleet such a shout of rage and dismay as drowned all the roar of conflict for the moment. A moment after it was answered by a great shout of triumph from the Roman fleet, and then I gave the long-awaited order to my sea-wolves, and let them loose at their prey. As we closed I saw a light swift galley clear itself from the press and go speeding away after Cleopatra's fleet. By the Gods! I would have given half my own fleet to have known then that on board it was that besotted wretch who was fleeing from the field on which he might still have won the empire of the world to seek more shame within his wanton's arms.

But I knew nothing of this till we had been at it with axe and sword for well-nigh an hour, and then the cry ran through the fleets that Antony had fled. After that our work was easy, for we were fighting men without a leader.

Yet what were left of Antony's veterans fought well and stubbornly enough, defending the great galleys which none of ours were heavy enough to sink, until Octavian and Agrippa loaded a score of rafts with combustibles and sent them blazing down the wind into their midst. So, with the fire to the north of them and us to the south, boarding their great castles one after the other, and setting their decks running with blood too good for the base cause it was spent in, they fought on till at last, as night fell and the flames spread from ship to ship along the great curve of their northern front, they threw down their arms and called for quarter.

We saved three hundred of the galleys that had been Antony's that morning, but more than half of our own fleet had been destroyed in the taking of them, so you may think what would have happened if those sixty galleys, the

You will be doing your friends a favour by introducing "VALDAR" to them. I am, of course, assuming that you are reading the story yourself; if not, you are missing one of the most striking and fascinating stories of modern times.

finest and strongest of them all, had not deserted when the battle-tide was at its flood.

All that night Actium shone bright with the blaze of the burning galleys, and when morning dawned Octavian was master of the world.

I need not tell you in any detail what followed that ever-memorable fight or how the worthy heir of Cæsar received the oaths of Antony's soldiers and sailors, and took them back into the service of Rome. It was a stroke of policy as well as of mercy, for it made him wielder of the whole strength of Rome. You know, too, how Antony came in despair and shame to Alexandria, and how for another year Octavian suffered him to live on in a drunken dream with her for whom he had lost the world.

Let it be enough to say that the news of Actium was just eleven months old when I, standing on the forecastle of the *Ilma*, led the van of the Roman fleet as I had led Cleopatra's between the forts of Pelusium, and I and my rovers disembarked to march with the legions of Rome on Alexandria, there to play out the last act of that shameful drama which Cleopatra had begun when her false heart bade her choose the shame of treason and the mock splendour of a vassal throne to the glory that might have been hers, aye, and mine, too, had but Ilma's heroine-soul animated that fair counterfeit of hers and she had kept the oath which she called Isis to witness that night in the temple of Ptah.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM CLEOPATRA TO CALVARY.

PELUSIUM fell before us almost without striking a blow. It was an even easier conquest than I had made for Cleopatra seventeen years before, and when the news of its fall was carried to Alexandria, the last embers of heroism that remained in the breast of Antony burnt up into the semblance of a flame. He took courage from his despair, and sent Octavian a challenge, which surely must have been born of the madness of some drunken dream, to decide the dispute, which the Fates had already decided, by single combat under the walls of Alexandria.

But Octavian would have none of such grim fooling, for he was a man who had learned the priceless secret of never throwing away an advantage, and so he sent the messenger back to tell Antony that it was not Octavian, but Rome that he must master, and within an hour he had set out with the vanguard, leaving me and my Goths, sorely against our will, to come on with the main army. You may think how sorely I regretted this when, during the march, we learnt that Antony had sallied forth with the flower of the horsemen that were left to him and inflicted a defeat on Octavian's cavalry.

But that was only the flare of a dying candle, the last of Antony's triumphs, but not the last of his defeats, for the next day we fought a battle under the walls which ended in the destruction of his mercenaries and the desertion of his last remaining legionaries to Octavian. To my sorrow Antony was not in this fight. He was on the seaward side of Alexandria, preparing a fleet, the same in which Cleopatra had fled from Actium, to take him and her to some distant land, where, according to his last vain dream, he might live with her beyond the power of Rome.

Then came the last and vilest of Cleopatra's treacheries. From Antony she had nothing more to hope, but Octavian was a man, and so she dreamed that she might conquer him as she had conquered the great Julius and the miserable Antony, and when, on the day after the land battle, our fleet was brought up from Pelusium to storm the harbour, she had already corrupted the captains of the galleys, and every plank of them was delivered without a struggle to the conqueror.

From so foul an act as this, it was but a short step that took her to the feet of Octavian, only to be spurned, as I had spurned her long before, in all the pride of her youthful beauty, and to be told that the price of her life was the yielding of her treasures in Egypt and her own presence in Rome to adorn the triumph of him who was now doubly her victor. Then at last her pride revolted, and, more honourable in her death than in her life, she resolved to accept the penalty of her oath, and die by her own hands in the supreme hour of her despair.

You know the pitiful story of what followed. How she betook herself with her waiting-women, Iras and Charmian, to the great tomb that she had built for herself, and into that upper chamber which stood over the vault which contained the treasure she meant to burn with her own body; and how Antony, driven to despair by her last treachery, fell upon his sword in his palace, and was carried away bleeding, to die beside her.

What I have to tell of is that which I saw with the same eyes which are now looking down, misty and dim, upon this written page. When Antony fell, I was just entering the palace at the head of a hundred of my Goths to take him alive or dead into the presence of Octavian in the palace of the Ptolemies on the Sebasteum. We had just forced our way into the little portico on the Street of the King, whither Antony had fled, when a slave came running out with streaming eyes, crying:

"Great Antony is dead! Let me go that I may tell the Queen."

I caught him by the throat and turned him round, saying:

"Where lies he? Take me to him or I will break thy neck and send thee after him."

But just then a deep moan of pain came from a hall that opened out of the vestibule where we were. I ran in, and there on the marble pavement lay Antony, bleeding and writhing, with his sword in his breast, and moaning:

"Cleopatra! Take me to her, that we may die together."

"Ay!" I said. "Thou besotted craven! I will take thee to her, for I can carry thee, big as thou art, and thou shalt die in fitting company."

With that I lifted him up and swung him on my back, and, bidding the slave lead the way, I bore him, followed by my Goths keeping off the crowd that swarmed in the streets, to the mausoleum, which, at the command of Cleopatra, had risen from the earth like some magical structure in front of the Temple of Isis.

The strong hands of my Goths tore open the great brazen doors of the lower chamber, and I ran through and up the stairs which led to the death-chamber.

A blow of my hand sent the door flying open, and I strode in and faced Cleopatra once, more and for the last time. She was reclining on a couch, robed, in the pride of her last blasphemy, as Isis, and crowned with the Uræus diadem. Iras and Charmian stood beside her, and near her couch was a basket of figs. She sprang to her feet with a wild piercing cry as I entered, and I, without a word, laid Antony on the silken sheets, which still bore the impress of her form. Then I rose and faced her, saying:

"Here is thy lover, Royal Egypt. Look to him, for he needs thy fondest care."

For one brief moment she stared in maddened silence at me, then, with a scream that rings in my ears even now, she flung herself on Antony's body, and, dragging the sword from the wound, pressed her lips upon it as though she would staunch the bleeding with them. I saw Antony's eyes open slowly, and with the last effort of strength left in his once mighty frame, he raised his hand and laid it on her head, and then, with his bloated lips parted in a horrid smile, he died.

As the last sigh left him Cleopatra raised her face, hideous now, distorted with grief and passion, and with the lips that had once been so sweet all smeared with her lover's blood. She babbled something that was hardly human speech, and then she thrust her right hand into the basket of figs, and with her left tore the thin silken robe from her bosom. The next moment her right hand came out of the basket, and I saw something wriggling in it.

The next she had pressed it to her breast, and then I saw the flat head of the Uræus snake raise itself for an instant and then fall upon the fair white flesh. Without a sob or a cry she reeled back and fell dead across the body of the man she had first lured to his ruin and then betrayed to his conqueror. And so died the fairest and the vilest of the daughters of Woman.

As for me, I turned death-sick with the horror which to me was tenfold more horrible than to any other who could have seen it, and reeled like a drunken man out of the chamber as Iras and Charmian, faithful to the last, stabbed themselves with their poisoned daggers, and fell where the Romans found them, dead beside the couch on which their master and their mistress lay, united in the only wedlock they had known, hallowed, as far as such a union as theirs could be hallowed, by the sanctity and the mystery of death.

As I reached the street again, a young priest came out of the crowd and accosted me, saying:

"Art thou he who was not and who is?"

"I am Terai, once of Armen, now of Egypt," I said, looking down into the eyes that were gazing half-frightened at me. "Thou canst come only from Amemphis with such a greeting as thine. Thou canst tell him that Cleopatra has paid the earthly penalty of her oath, and even now stands in the Hall of the Assessors."

"That the master has already read in the stars. From his hand came the Uræus snake which, as my lord tells me, has already done its work. This, then, to thee from Amemphis."

As he spoke he slipped into my hand a little roll of papyrus, and before the last word had well left his lips, he had vanished in the crowd which pressed about the entrance to the mausoleum. I made my way quickly out of the vulgar press, and then, unrolling the scroll, read these strange words, written in the hermetic character:

"Amemphis, the unworthy minister of Amen-Ra, to Terai, the Stranger, Greeting! In the blindness and the presumption of my half-knowledge I betrayed thee into a false hope, which has gone the way of all such. That which is awaited is not yet come, but it is written that neither thou nor I shall see the dusk of Amenti till together we have beheld the revelation of the Invisible. When thou art weary of wandering and fighting, return to the Temple of Ptah, and there thou shalt find me waiting for thee, and in that time shall my last spoken words to thee be fulfilled. Till then farewell."

Many a long year passed before the snows of my first life-winter on earth whitened and thinned my once thick golden locks, and so made true the words which Amemphis had spoken on the deck of the galley which bore him back to solitude.

For me they were years of fighting and feasting, of wandering and wondering amidst strange lands and seas, and still stranger scenes.

Now I was feasting, garland-crowned, amidst the splendours of imperial Rome, when Octavian went back to receive the title of Augustus and the diadem of the world. Now I was fighting for life or plunder, as the case might be, on the rock-bound shores of the Northland, which, in a far distant day, were to be my country and my home, and now I was wandering over trackless wastes of ocean to unknown lands, once towards the setting sun, and thrice to the eternal summer of the South, and through that to the Indies and the far-off Islands of the Southern Orient which the eyes of the West were not to see for nearly two thousand years to come.

What glowing pages I could write you, if that were my purpose, of those voyagings of mine, which took me and my sea-wolves to view the wonders of the West a good sixteen hundred years before Cabot or Columbus, Cortez or Pizarro, even saw the light of day; how easily could I make plain the mysteries which confounded them did not the ebbing sands in the hour-glass of what I believe to be the last of my earthly lives bid me hasten on to tell of more momentous matters!

So it must suffice me to tell you how, after nearly thirty years of wandering and slowly-growing life-weariness, I came back at last to the well-remembered shore of Egypt alone in the wave-worn, worm-eaten hulk that had once been the stately galley in which the long dead Cleopatra and I had sailed out of Gaza, and how, as the last breath of a summer's day breeze filled her tattered sails, I beached her on the shelving sand, and made my toilsome way to Memphis with nothing left from all my years of toil but the shirt of mail which now hung so loosely on my shrunken form, and the sacred steel which swung at my hip still bright and spotless as it had been when Ilma blessed it with her holy kiss in far-off Armen.

I found Amemphis waiting for me before the great dark pylon of the Temple, as though only a week instead of more than three decades had passed since we had parted. I was old and grey and shrunken, but he, like one of the mummies of the Necropolis, had scarcely altered since my re-awakening eyes had first seen him and Cleopatra in that secret chamber in the temple. He greeted me with few but pregnant words.

"Thou hast been tardy in thy coming," he said, as he clasped my proffered hand, "yet thou hast come in time to see that which was awaited. Come and rest to-night in the temple, and to-morrow we must set forth on, my last journey, and to the end of thy present pilgrimage."

We talked long that night of many things which may not be set down here, and at sunrise the next morning we set out in a sailing boat down the Nile to Pelusium. There Amemphis took places for us in a galley that was bound for Joppa, and from Joppa we fared overland to that city which I had last seen more than a thousand years before, when it was illuminated by the glory of the great Solomon. It was altered as much as any Eastern city ever alters, and yet I knew it as well as I knew the road which I had last ridden along in all the gaiety of my thousand-year vanished joy beside my long dead, but not forgotten, Zillah. When we reached the city, we found it as I had found it in the days of Solomon, thronged with men of all the peoples of the East; but need I tell you how different was the scene—you who have already guessed the solemn purpose of our journey thither?

Guided by Amemphis, I traversed the winding, hilly road which led past the western wall of the city, and ascended the bare, bleak eminence which rises between the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom. On the summit of this stood three crosses, watched by a guard of Roman soldiers. Near them stood a little group of men and women, gazing with pale, drawn faces and tearful eyes upon the Shape which hung white and still upon the central cross. Along a path which led over the brow of the hill towards the city, wayfarers were passing to and fro, some of them stopping to look up at the crosses—which were not an uncommon spectacle in those days—and some to utter bitter words, which since then have been graven deep into the history of the world.

"He saved others, himself he cannot save!" scoffed one clad in the priestly raiment I had seen in Salem a thousand years before.

"Thou fool!" said Amemphis, in a low voice that only reached my ear, "and thou a priest of Salem! Alas for the city that once was holy and the people that once was chosen! But look, Terai, look and listen."

I looked up and saw the Shape on the central cross lift up its head, and heard a Voice that seemed to float down out of the darkening sky say in the tongue that Solomon had spoken:

"It is finished!"

Then the head fell again, and I saw a woman leave a little group and run to the foot of the Cross, and clasp her white arms about it. As she turned her face upwards a sun-beam shot through the fast gathering clouds, and, bathed in its radiance, I saw once more the vision of her whose presence haunted me through the ages. I sprang forward with her earliest name on my lips, but Amemphis stopped me saying:

"Not now nor here, Terai, for she is beyond thine or any other earthly love! Ay," he went on as though musing, "it is finished! In this hour the old order passes, and the Dream gives place to the Deed. The old Gods are dying, and the White Christ rises to reign in their stead on the throne that He hath reared to-day. Behold the night falls! We have seen that which the world awaited though it knew it not. Thou shalt see more, but I——"

Ere he could utter another word the lowering clouds closed over Calvary, and the black pall of desolation descended like a curtain on the supreme Tragedy of the world.

The next moment I was alone in the midst of a waste of darkness. The earth reeled beneath me, and the very Heavens seemed to fall on it as though they would crush it and its guilt into nothingness, and I, with a crash of thunder and a wild many-voiced scream of terror ringing in my ears, stumbled blindly forward and fell dead beside the woman who lay fainting at the foot of the Cross.

(To be continued.)

The "Newsagent," the organ of the trade, says with reference to "DISHONOURED," the seventh volume of "Pearson's Library:" "Miss Lily Tinsley, the author of the present story, has now achieved a reputation as a writer of stirring romance, in which sensation and sentiment are judiciously mingled. In "DISHONOURED" she has given us one of the best of her shorter stories, in which a military and Arcadian element are pleasantly introduced. Throughout the reader's interest is excited, and kept on the alert to the end, and the plot is well worked out, and has some dramatic situations. The story is well illustrated by Miss Inez Warry." (See footline on next page.)

FICTION.

The Boomerang.—After all that is said of the joys of happy childhood, it must be confessed that the small boy is filled with many unsatisfied longings. He longs to be a pirate, and though he undoubtedly finds a good deal of comfort in day-dreams concerning a long, low, rakish schooner, commanded by himself, with six revolvers in his belt, and furnished with a plank over which walks an endless procession of obnoxious school teachers and exasperating aunts, he is gloomily aware that such dreams can never be realised.

There was once a small boy who sat through his Sunday sermons with so much quiet and propriety that he was held up as a model to all the small boys, and who, when requested by his proud mother to inform his brothers how he managed to sit still, replied that he always devoted the hours of divine service to framing an ideal piratical career, the leading feature of which was to be the sacking of his native town and the burning of its principal inhabitants in the ruins of the church.

Yet this excellent small boy was perfectly well aware that piracy is an obsolete profession, and the more beautiful his day-dream might be the more saddening was the certainty that it could never be made a reality.

Next to a life of successful piracy, the small boy's most ardent longing is for the possession of a practicable Australian boomerang. Travellers have informed us that the boomerang is a crooked club which the Australian savage can throw at a distant missionary, and which, after braining the missionary, will return and drop at the owner's feet.

The boomerang, moreover, possesses the marvellous quality of being able to describe circles, ellipses, polygons, and other geometrical figures in the air. The Australian throws it into his enemy's front door with a calm confidence that it will go up two flights of stairs, kill a victim in the front room, and return again by way of the front gate.

It is needless to point out that a weapon like this would be a priceless treasure to a boy of enterprise and ingenuity. He could stand at the back of the house and send his boomerang flying through the front parlour window in search of his elder brother's head without any fear of detection.

He could throw the boomerang out of the school-house window, and cheerfully wait for it to come in at the door and smash the teacher's inkstand. The extent to which he could knock down distant and unsuspecting boys, or pick off heedless cats from remote roofs, while standing with his back to his victim, would be almost unlimited, and that his life would be one ceaseless round of delightful and improving sport is too obvious to need emphasis.

It will hardly be credited, but nevertheless it is asserted to be true, that a Bootle small boy recently came accidentally into the possession of a boomerang that was in all respects equal to the best boomerang Australia has yet produced. Why fortune was thus prodigal to this particular boy we are not told, but that it actually showered upon him the priceless treasure which all other small boys have longed for in vain we are not permitted to doubt.

He was not the architect of his own boomerang, and his discovery of it was purely accidental. One Saturday morning he was sitting on the kerbstone with a milk can in his hand and a dog by his side, trying to devise some new way of putting the two together. Being interrupted by the appearance of the cook at the kitchen-door, who threatened to report him to his father if he did not "have the poor baste alone," he carelessly picked up a crooked stick and threw it at the humane but presuming Bridget.

Strange to say, it not only hit her, but it also returned and hit the dog.

In the course of the next six hours no less than thirty-one leading people of Bootle were suddenly struck by unseen clubs, without being able to detect the assailant. Boys without number were hit in tender places, and beyond the fact that two or three of them asserted that they were struck by sticks which came sailing round the corner no explanation of these disasters could be found.

Had the fortunate possessor of the boomerang been able to moderate his transports, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, he could not resist the temptation to try the weapon upon his Sunday-school teacher.

Hitherto the boomerang had implicitly obeyed the wishes of its proprietor, but on this occasion it attempted an independent course of action, which was followed by disastrous results. The small boy was standing at the corner of the street when he saw his teacher approaching at a distance of a few hundred yards. He instantly threw his boomerang straight at the unconscious teacher, feeling confident that it would return to him after discharging its duty in time to enable him to escape.

Curiously enough the teacher was not hit, and the boomerang totally disappeared. For some minutes the small boy stood with his hands in his pockets utterly astonished at his failure, and wondering what had become of his weapon. He was not left long in doubt. In the course of about four minutes that boomerang came rushing up the side street, smote the small boy on the head, fracturing his skull, and then disappeared for ever in a direction a little north of east-north-east.

An Encounter with Wolves.—"Speaking," said Mr. Fairly Truthfull, "of the ingenuity of man, I remember a little brush I had with wolves in northern Wisconsin during a visit I once paid to America. The wolves there were of the large variety, and it being a hard winter they were constantly hungry.

"One day in January I was going from Ojibway City to Pomme de Terre River on foot, accompanied only by my dog, which was named Bones, from his fondness for this article of food. He was a good dog, but he had read somewhere that discretion is the better part of valour. Bones was not a dog that would ever go about the country asking folks in his poor dumb way where he could find a large pack of wolves. If a wolf ever succeeded in meeting Bones he had to bring good letters of introduction from mutual friends.

"When about fifteen miles from Pomme de Terre I noticed that Bones was becoming uneasy. Five minutes later I observed that he was wearing the hair on his back straight up—French fashion. I suspected wolves, and I was right. They soon came up, not fifty yards behind. There were at least one hundred of them—large, gaunt, hungry, savage wolves.

"Their fierce howls reverberated through the startled forest like the diabolical shrieks of frenzied demons in torment. I saw that a hand-to-hand conflict with them was out of the question. Flight was my only hope. Picking up Bones by the nape of the neck I tucked him under my arms and started.

"For twenty minutes, gentlemen, I ran like a cat in a dog show. I suppose I covered ten miles, notwithstanding that the snow was deep in some places and in others the underbush interfered. The wolves kept close behind. When I turned my head I could feel their hot, venomous breath on my cheek.

"They leapt up and nipped at the tail of poor Bones, which was waving and tossing behind on the terrific wind which my flight engendered like the plume of a knight of old going to battle. The howl—weird and hideous as the sinking wail of ten thousand lost souls—shook the pine needles from the trees, and tore the nerves of the unfortunate Bones in a way which was painful to see.

"At the end of ten miles I began to tire. A large spruce tree stood in my path, and I climbed it. Perching myself on a lower limb, some fifty feet from the ground, and tying Bones in place on another by running a knot in his tail, I looked down on the angry surging sea of wolves below. I felt safe, and lit my pipe, and gave my faithful dog a ham bone which I had in my pocket.

"But soon, to my surprise, the wolves began most extraordinary tactics—nothing less, gentlemen, than gnawing down the tree. One hundred sets of ravenous fangs tore and bit at the trunk. I saw that the tree could not stand half an hour. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and began to look at the situation seriously.

"I noticed on the branches about me some pieces of raw spruce gum, about the size of my fist. Taking my pocket-knife I prised one off, and dropped it to a wolf below. He snapped his jaws together upon it with famished greed. He never opened them again, the resinous mass holding them firm as a vice.

"At the end of twenty minutes I had the jaws of every wolf fastened together, past all hope of opening. I then descended with Bones, who now barked savagely, and attacked the wolves with great spirit. With his assistance I drove the baffled, helpless creatures to Pomme de Terre like a flock of sheep.

"There was at that time £2 bounty on wolves. We rounded them up in the court-house yard, and I drew £200 from the county treasurer, after which I repaired to the Le Grand Monarque Hotel and ordered supper, not forgetting to bespeak the largest soup-bone in town for my trusty dog."

Painting Instructor: "Ze young lady puts ze paint on too thick."

Mrs. New Rich: "Oh, never mind that, professor, her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it if she wants it."

Close Merchant: "Yes, sir, I want a new book-keeper; but you won't do."

Applicant: "May I ask why?"

Close Merchant: "You are as bald as a billiard ball, sir. A man with no hair to wipe his pen on will rust out a whole box every week."

Two menageries recently arrived at Bologna, one of which was under the management of Signor B—— and the other under that of his wife, travelling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to join their forces, and the fact was announced on the bills as follows:

"Owing to the arrival of my wife my collection of ferocious animals is considerably augmented.—B."

"Johnny," said his mother, "do you know who ate those tarts I left in the pantry?"

"I do, mamma," replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears, "but it would not be gentlemanly for me to tell."

And that is how it came that Johnny's brother received two undeserved spankings, one for the cakes he did not steal and another for his truthful denial.

FACTS.

In the Loo-Choo Islands, though there are neither vehicles nor public lighting, the inhabitants have letter-boxes and telephones.

A spoon in a glass filled with hot water prevents the breaking of the glass, because the metal easily absorbs a large part of the heat.

By an Italian law, any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of £100 for each offence.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate classifying all penny-in-the-slot machines as lotteries, and prohibiting their use within the State by making it a penal offence to employ them.

To this day Lapp men and women dress precisely alike. Their tunics belted loosely at the waist, their tight breeches, and their wrinkled leathern stockings, their pointed shoes; the whole appearance of them, in short, is identical.

In certain towns of Germany the telephone is introduced by tobacconists as an additional attraction to customers. Anyone who buys a cigar may, if he desires, speak over the tobacconist's instrument to a subscriber to the telephone service.

In France a very good gas is made from the fatty materials contained in the soapsuds after washing wools and yarns. The wash water of a woollen mill with 20,000 spindles will annually yield enough of this substance to produce 1,100,000 feet of gas.

A doctor has discovered the curious fact that the skull of a man who has died from *delirium tremens* contains an alcoholic gas. A small opening in the skull soon after death permits this gas to escape, and it can be ignited, and burns with a bluish flame.

European ladies are often invited to the harems of the rich Moors in Morocco. Some time ago one of the inmates—a beautiful young girl—fainted at the sight of one of the lady visitors removing her gloves. The young lady thought she was removing a thick skin from her hand, and the sight frightened her so much that it was some time before she could regain consciousness.

Of the 343,000 young conscripts who presented themselves for military service in the French army last year, no fewer than 22,000 did not know how to read and write; 6,000 only knew how to read, and 35,000 had received sufficient education to enable them to read and write, but nothing more. In the British army 97 per cent. of the men are able to both read and write.

There is a bank cashier still living in Chicago who was the hero of a wonderful performance just after the great fire of 1870. The books of the bank in which he was employed were entirely destroyed by the flames, and with no data except the pass-books of the depositors and his memory, this man restored all the fifteen hundred accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied.

The powder used in big guns is queer-looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a piece of wood. If you touch a match to it it will take seven or eight seconds to go off. Slow-burning powder like this is employed in cannon because it does not strain the gun so much. The quicker the explosion, the greater the shock and the shorter the life of the weapon.

The splitting of forest trees by frost is popularly ascribed to the same cause as the bursting of water pipes, namely, the expansion of the sap in turning into ice. But this is not the case. The splitting is due to the contraction of the wood by frost in a similar way, but in less degree to what happens when the wood is dried. When the thaw comes the trees expand to their original dimensions. The difference between the girths in October, just before the frost, and February, when the thermometer was below freezing, ranges for different trees from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch.

Stimulation of some branch or other of the fifth nerve, seems to increase the circulation in the brain, and those who are making the greatest calls upon their mental powers are accustomed to stimulate this nerve in one way or another. The late Lord Derby used to eat brandied cherries, and an experiment of Marey's proves that mastication will accelerate the flow of blood through the carotid artery, and serves to show the wisdom of an editor whom I knew, who used to eat figs while writing a leading article, and even of those who indulge in the practice, so disagreeable to their neighbours, of chewing tobacco.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSE-BREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to May 25th, 1895, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 683, and against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 664.

Clerk of the Peace.

"With the next issue the size and shape of 'Pearson's Library' is to be altered and improved; the size of the page will be somewhat reduced to render the volume more handy to read or carry in the pocket. But this reduction of size is to be compensated for by an increased number of pages, which will in future extend to 256, or more than double the previous quantity. The first novel of the new series will be entitled 'IN THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE,' by Miss Iza Duffus Hardy. Illustrated by Miss Florence White."

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

It is a little difficult to understand the position of a man who takes upon himself the thankless task of foretelling the end of the world. He must be, one would naturally suppose, either a knave or a fool. But the Rev. M. Baxter is neither the one nor the other. I know this because he is a clergyman in the Church of England and the editor of a Christian paper. Moreover, he is a great prophet. To be this a man must never be disheartened by failure—a truism, by the way, which I learnt from no less an authority than "Old Moore" himself. If you persist long enough it almost inevitably occurs that your predictions are ultimately verified.

This is evidently the Rev. M. Baxter's creed. I do not wish to suggest for a moment that he has not a peculiar gift, or that he is one of the false prophets in sheep's clothing against whom, curiously enough, we are specially warned in one of the chapters of the Bible, which the rev. gentleman is most fond of quoting in support of his theories. The fact that he has proved unsuccessful in the past does not mean that he cannot be relied upon in the future. In his own words, it is generally admitted by the ablest students of prophecy that we are living in the rapids of the stream of Time, and are fast approaching the downfall of the kingdoms of this world. This puts an end at once to any suspicion that he is merely guessing about a subject of which he knows rather less than anyone else, because he thinks that he knows more. It would be ridiculous, moreover, to suggest that it is better to be a false prophet than not to prophesy at all, even when you have a Christian paper behind you, the circulation of which may be increased by trading on the credulity of the public, who are naturally influenced by the writings of such an intellectual man occupying an official position in the Church of England.

It cannot be denied, of course, that the Rev. Baxter is the richer for his learned, if somewhat incorrect, expositions, concerning the immediate destiny of the human race; but it must at once be recognised that an individual whose special mission is to foreshadow the doom of mankind had best enjoy beforehand the fruits of labours and research which would certainly be short-lived if by any chance his forecast came true.

If any doubts existed as to the Rev. Baxter's peculiar gifts, they must be removed at once by the astonishing ability he displays in interpreting anew various difficult passages of the Scriptures in the way which, as each fresh occasion arises, will give most colour to his latest predictions of coming events.

For instance, without going back too far, we find in the CHRISTIAN HERALD for January, 1877, that Mr. Baxter promises the fulfilment of his prophecies "within the next half dozen years." This proved afterwards to be a mistake, but he did not, of course, foresee such a calamity at the time.

He had not then foretold the end of the world. Only there was to be war between Russia and Turkey; the struggle between France and Germany was to be renewed, and the latter nation defeated; the kingdoms and states of Cæsar's original Roman empire would be transformed into an allied confederacy of ten kingdoms ruled by ten sovereigns; and finally the Antichrist would come, who, as prophesied of old (according to Baxter), must be a representative of the Napoleonic dynasty.

All this had to be accomplished before six years had passed; and in 1879 we find Mr. Baxter gaily repeating that "the prophetical dates are computed to terminate about 1882."

The Napoleonic star, after a lapse of time, was to make a covenant with the Jews, and, sixty-nine weeks after the day of the restoration of the Jewish sacrifices in Jerusalem was to occur the ascension into Heaven of the 144,000 Christians who have been found watching.

In 1880 the Rev. Baxter communicated to the world at large that the translation of the faithful had been postponed until the year 1890. "The decade of 1880 to 1890," he wrote, "will be the most eventful and momentous decade in the history of our world." In these years he expected that all the wars and revolutions he had spoken of would occur, but he already seems to have had some misgivings as to whether they would terminate before 1882, as he had promised.

In 1883 Mr. Baxter writes in the CHRISTIAN HERALD: "If 1893 is to be the end of this Dispensation, then the second advent of Christ to translate the 144,000 watchful Christians may be expected about 1888."

A little later, in January, 1884, he made the following statement:

"The year 1893, or, at the furthest, 1895, seems clearly indicated to be the end of this Dispensation. . . . We must therefore expect great wars and revolutions and various calamities to occur in 1894-5-6," etc.

Repeating the substance of this a few months later during the course of his prophetic lectures at Devonport, Mr. Baxter said:

"The 6,000 years from the creation of man terminates within the next ten years, and then the millennium will commence, when every human being on the face of the earth will be nominally a Christian." And he urged his audience to make sure of their conversion, seeing that they had but a few years to live.

1885 finds the eminent divine lecturing in Canada.

"The millennium," he said, "might be expected about 1896 or 1900. The disappearance of those who were found watching would cause great surprise, and the newspapers would contain long reports of the event. Perhaps there would be columns of advertisements in the newspapers for the missing ones. . . . Nothing would be left but their clothes!"

The following year a calendar of events to occur was published in the CHRISTIAN HERALD, an extract from which I now reproduce:

1887-90	Commencement of extraordinary wars and revolutions in Europe, continuing for three or four years, and changing the existing 23 Kingdoms or States into *Ten*, etc. These wars will specially include France's conquest of Germany and extension to the Rhine.
1891	Completed allied confederation of the Ten Kingdoms.
1892-4	Rise of a Napoleon, etc., waxing great till he becomes a King of Syria.
1895-6	Advent of Christ, etc.

As this, so far as we know at present, contains a few inaccuracies, I suppose it may be considered sufficient excuse for publishing another calendar in 1894 without any reference to the one which had preceded it. A comparison between the two throws an interesting light upon the occult science of one Baxter, a prophet of the nineteenth century.

1896	Revolutions and Wars in Europe about 1896 or 1897, resulting in France defeating Germany, and annexing all countries west of the Rhine, and then forming the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy of
1897	Daniel vii. 24, probably not later than 1898, under Ten Kings, viz., 1. *Britain* separated from Ireland
1898	and India; 2. *France*, enlarged to the Rhine; 3. *Spain*; 4. *Italy*; 5. *Austria*, south of the Danube; 6. *Greece*; 7. *Egypt*; 8. *Syria*; 9. *Turkey*; 10. *Balkan States*.
1899	A Napoleon may be expected to arise not later than 1898-9 as the Little Horn or King in or near Macedonia, after the Ten Horns have arisen, and be King of Syria in 1901 (Dan. vii. 24; viii.).
1900	Napoleon's Seven Years' Covenant with many
1901	Jews may be expected to be from Passover Day, April 4, 1901, to Passover Day, April 16, 1908 (Daniel ix. 27). Then his Seven Days' Covenant.
1902	Renewal of daily sacrifices in Jewish Temple (and Decree to rebuild Jerusalem), about Nov. 14, 1901, 2,345 days before April 16, 1908 viz., 2,300, in Dan. viii. 14; and 45 days (1,335 less 1,290) in xii. 11, 12.
1903	Resurrection of Saints and Ascension of 144,000 living Christians at Christ's Advent into the air about March 12, 1903, 69 weeks after the Decree on Nov. 14, 1901 (Rev. xiv.; Daniel ix. 25; 1 Thess. iv.).
1904	Commencement of 1,260 days of Great Tribulation, and Napoleon the Antichrist's Persecution of
1905	Christians when he is elected Emperor of Ten Kings for 1,260 days, from August 20, 1904, to Feb. 1, 1908 (Dan. vii. 25; Rev. xii. 14; xi. 2, 3; xiii. 5).
1906	Destruction of Antichrist and the wicked at Christ's
1907	descent on Mount Olivet on Last Day of this Age, April 28 (last day of Passover Week), 1908, at the battle of Armageddon. Christ and His saints then
1908	reign from Heaven, during the 1,000 years of the Millennium, over the nations of this earth (Rev. xx.).

In case any confusion should arise as to what has already taken place and what has not, Mr. Baxter is good enough to explain in his latest pamphlet that none of the special signs which it was foretold would precede the Second Advent have yet been observed. And, moreover, no future wars or revolutions in Europe can be recognised as such until they result in the formation of a ten-kingdomed confederacy.

As I said before, the Rev. M. Baxter is a man of great intellect. He knows things about which the rest of the world is still in ignorance. If the end of all things is to come in Mr. Baxter's lifetime, we may safely assert that he will have prophesied the date beforehand.

NATURE SURE TO COMPENSATE.—Ethel (looking at the statue of the Venus of Milo): "It seems to me, Maud, that the women in ancient times had larger waists than they have now!"

Maud: "Well, perhaps the men had longer arms."

FATHER (to the seven-year-old daughter beside him on the dog-cart, cutting the whip sharply through the air): "See, Dolly, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all."

Dolly (in an eager tone of happy discovery): "Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?"

ONE day recently a school teacher was examining the class in history, and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles I. die?" The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other boys, by way of prompting him, put his arm up to his collar, to signify decapitation. Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning, and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the class, "Please, sir, he died of the cholera."

THE lady who came into the bookseller's shop was one of the primmest and most particular. "Have you any arithmetics?" she inquired, stiffly. "I want an expurgated edition. I desire it for my daughter, who is just beginning that branch of study."

"I don't think I quite understand you, madam," stammered the poor assistant.

"You must be very stupid," she said, starting to go out, "if you don't know that it means one from which the vulgar fractions have been eliminated."

The assistant let her go at that.

A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

A GENTLEMAN in Hull was cleaning out his desk the other day and tearing up his old letters, when the packman, a son of Erin, who was in the office, spoke up:

"Sure, sir, an' ye might gimme one of them letters."

"What do you want it for?"

"I promised to write a letter to my old mither in Cork, but as I hasn't larned to write yet I can jess send her one of them letters you hain't got no use for. Hit will make her proud, hit will."

The gentleman gave the affectionate son a patent medicine anti-fat circular, which was duly posted.

BILLIARD-BALL BAROMETERS.

MANY people do not know that good billiard playing is, to a certain extent, dependent upon atmospheric pressure.

Of course, a good player will always play well, but unless he studies atmospheric conditions he will make wrong calculations as to the amount of force with which he must strike the ball.

A well-known professional claims to be able to foretell a storm eight hours before its arrival by the sound of the ivory globes. How the weather affects the ivories he does not know, but when the barometer is falling they do not give that clear, ringing click which sounds so musical to the ear of the player, nor do they rebound with the same elasticity. With a rising barometer the balls resume their wonted life.

HOW IS THAT?

MR. JOHN SMITH, an inhabitant of a certain country village which shall be nameless, is an enthusiastic cricketer, and often officiates as umpire at the local matches.

One Sunday evening last summer an amusing incident occurred at the parish church. The vicar was preaching, and not being an eloquent man, and the weather being rather warm, two-thirds of the congregation, including Mr. John Smith, were fast asleep.

This annoyed the vicar, who made several attempts to rouse the guilty ones. "How is it," said he, in a loud voice, and gazing sternly at the unconscious John, "that you cannot give me your attention even for one short hour—how is that, I ask?"

"Not out, sir!" roared our friend, and sank back once more into a mental contemplation of the previous day's match. He has never slept in church since.

A CURFEW FIRE-GRATE.

IN one of the houses in Mitre Court, off Fleet Street, is to be seen a curiosity in the shape of a fire-grate which is supposed to have been in use at the time when the curfew bell was rung, and which was made for the sole purpose of baffling the watchman, whose duty it was to see that all lights and fires were extinguished.

The grate is so constructed that when the bell was heard tolling the occupiers of the house, by pressing a spring which is fixed in the ironwork, made the whole thing revolve, not a vestige of fire being visible, nor any glow from the burning embers.

When reversed in this way the fire-place presented only a plain iron surface, and, of course, when the grate was used warmth was thrown into the room because of the iron slab being hot, thus enabling the occupants to enjoy the benefits of a fire without its presence being revealed at a later hour than was allowed by decree of the King, and without fear of discovery and consequent punishment.

A TIPPLING TOAD.

THE other day, while filling a jug of beer from a barrel in the cellar of his house in the country, a farmer heard a thumping noise close by.

Lighting a match and looking round, he was surprised to see a large toad sitting near the spot where the drippings fell from the tap. The toad looked at the man, and after satisfying himself that he was harmless, made a clumsy jump that landed him underneath the dripping tap. It then opened its mouth and allowed the beer to drop down its throat, and seemed to enjoy the drink very much.

After that the farmer made an effort to cultivate the toad's acquaintance, and in a short time had the clumsy creature quite tame. After a while it would hop out of its hiding-place to meet him when he reached the bottom of the cellar steps, and then station itself near the beer barrel.

The toad has been drinking beer for four months, and still anxious for all that he can get, and at times shows a desire for more.

The farmer has estimated that on more than one occasion the toad has imbibed considerably over a pint. It never seems to suffer any bad effects. It is puzzling to know how the toad is able to hold a quantity of liquor much larger in bulk than itself.

If any of your lady friends do not already take in *Dressmaking at Home* you will be doing them a kindness by drawing their attention to it.

A REAL MAN THIS TIME.

Daughter (delightedly): "And did you really consent?"

Father: "Consent? My stars! I had to. The man demanded your hand like a highwayman holding up a coach. Consent? My good gracious! I believe, from the way he looked and acted, he would have knocked me down if I hadn't."

Daughter: "Oh! it can't be. You must have been dreaming. Why, when he proposed to me he trembled so that he could hardly speak, and he looked so weak and nervous I had to hurry up and say 'Yes' to keep him from fainting."

WHY DOGS BARK.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America, Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the "coyote," as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. The coyote never barks, and only gallops when pursued.

"Why don't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked an old Indian, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim, "and why do they only howl, and the pups grunt?"

His answer was, "He won't learn."

"Not learn?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try to imitate his master, or, at all events, the other dogs; but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to drive in cattle to the corral, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard to account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor, under the best circumstances, will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation.

A DANISH CLAPPER HUNT.

When the first frosts have duly settled in, then is the season when invitations are issued from some common centre for every one with leisure or inclination to take part in *En Klapjagt*, or Danish hunt with clappers.

This method of hunting is practised for several reasons—one, because game is not particularly plentiful, and one or two sportsmen would have many miles of weary tramping to secure a bag, and would have the bother of continually asking permission of the various landowners in their route. Another reason is that good dogs, properly trained to the gun, are very scarce in the country, and an ordinary dog is worse than useless. The last and greatest reason is that it is a great convivial meeting of friends for miles round, all owning land in the neighbourhood, who meet twice annually at some central village, and make in one day a sweep extending from two to five miles in every direction.

When a hunt is called every boy who has a clapper repairs to the rendezvous; in fact, it might be said that every boy goes, with or without a clapper, for those who lack one do not hesitate to take an old tin kettle or pan and a stick; in fact, anything that will make a noise.

The clappers proper are formed of three pieces of hard, well-seasoned wood, about three-fourths of an inch in thickness; one piece is about eighteen inches in length. Two other pieces of wood, of the same size and shape as the square piece, are placed one on either side, and loosely fastened to the centre by a stout leathern thong, not too loosely, but so as to hold the bottom edges together, at the same time allowing the top edges to open like a fan.

The lower and thinner portion of the centre piece forms a common handle for the three, and when this is firmly grasped and violently shaken the loose pieces of hard wood knocking against the rigid centre produce the necessary clapping noise.

Twenty years ago a very similar combination was extensively used in England for scaring birds off seed corn, and it was no uncommon sight to see a young urchin astride of a gate, clappers in one hand, a huge piece of bread in the other, clapping away for dear life. Latterly the cheapness of gunpowder has relegated the old clappers to a corner of the barn or granary.

The gathering at one of these hunts is, as a rule, a motley crowd, hunting garbs of all materials and cuts mingle with business suits and sober, clerical black; the guns are equally varied, and comprise every nationality, from the English gun without a shoulder-strap to the German gun with a strap stout enough to carry a small cannon.

French, English, Danish, or German is heard in one common polyglot of tongues. Everyone appears to speak all the languages under the sun, and a native farmer will readily scold his boy in Danish, reply to one friend in German, and address another in English, almost in a single breath.

The time for setting out is fixed at an hour after daybreak, and as soon as the sun has risen a start is called, and all sluggards are relentlessly left behind, a serious matter to a sportsman, as no game, great or small, will be left in the rear of the main hunt. Usually some hospitable member of the hunt has arranged a dinner at his house, and this being understood, the course of the hunt is laid so as to finish in that direction.

At the sound of a bugle, the hunters stretch into line, standing about one hundred paces apart, and between each pair are placed one or more boys. When all are in line, a bugle in the centre sounds a merry reveille, and being replied to from each end of the line, far out of sight, "march" is the word. The whole line moves on, the boys clapping until a stranger would imagine that pandemonium had broken loose, and that not a bird nor animal would be left within ten miles.

In a few minutes, however, the ardour of the fair-haired sons of Viking, who are wielding the clappers will subside, and in place of the deafening noise of some sixty clappers and tin-pots, he will have one steady rat-tat-tat. Before a field is passed, a hare will be put up; bang, go the guns, and puss rolls over—dead.

As in England, the hares are most plentiful on the ploughed land, lying so closely that those raced up and down, shot at and clapped at, do not seem to disturb the others one whit. Leaving the plough, and getting into the stubble and root crops, the number of hares diminishes, while partridges, and even owls, become abundant. As a covey of twenty or so of partridges rises, the clapping ceases; those within shot fire; and the covey, startled and demoralised, will drop, in ones and twos, within two hundred paces.

All is fish that comes to the net on such an occasion, and after a hunt has passed through the district there is nothing the size of a mouse that has not run the gauntlet. All good things must end, and the November day soon draws to a close. It is too dark to shoot soon after three o'clock in the afternoon.

When all are home in the village again the oldest hunter mounts on a table, and, with many quaint allusions and jests, commences to sell the game by auction. The bidding is spirited, hares frequently fetching five and six times the market value. How is this? The proceeds of the sale are devoted to the relief of the parish poor during the winter, and so even to buy a hare is a charity, and after a good day's sport with friends, a good dinner, and some laughing, one's purse strings hang loose, and an odd dozen kroones—what matter? And so much to the poor.

Then some one takes two platters, and, holding one over the other, goes to every hunter, and collects a few kroones; these are massed together, and divided among the boys who have carried the clappers. So the great day ends, and every boy goes home to hide his store of kroones for Christmas-eve market, and look forward to January and the next *En Klapjagt* in the *Danske Fjelde*.

The man arrested for leaving a restaurant without paying for his stew, on telling the magistrate he had forgotten it, was reminded that he had played that one stew often.

Young (to jeweller): "I've brought back this engagement ring I bought yesterday."

Jeweller: "Didn't it suit?"

Young: "I didn't."

A little green apple hung up in a tree,
Calling "Johnnie, come, Johnnie, come, Johnnie!"
And it was as modest as modest could be,
Saying "Johnnie, come, Johnnie, come, Johnnie!"
And Johnnie, he came in his sweet, childish way,
And ate up that fruit as his own lawful prey,
And the angels in Heaven are singing to-day,
"Here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie!"

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DISHONOURED

By Miss LILY TINSLEY, with illustrations by Miss INEZ WARRY.

A DANDY OFFICER OF THE GUARDS.

Not very long ago, at Aldershot, the officers of a certain distinguished regiment were to entertain a large party of guests at dinner. The day had been wet, and the ground was, in consequence, deep in mud.

Just before mess the sky cleared, and a small group of officers assembled outside the mess-house door to enjoy for a few moments the fine evening. They observed approaching them a hospital stretcher, carried by four stalwart privates of a well-known regiment.

One of the group of officers, thinking that possibly these men, being strangers to Aldershot, might be making a mistake as to the locality, shouted out:

"You are wrong, my men. This is the mess-house of the regiment, not the hospital."

The bearers of the stretcher stolidly continued their advance, and, to the great surprise of the group, the occupant of the stretcher turned out to be, not an invalid, as they supposed, but a certain distinguished field officer of the Guards, who was expected as a guest.

This gentleman, who is well known to be most particular as to his personal appearance, feared to soil his varnished boots, and not caring to take a cab for so short a distance, had improvised this new method of being conveyed out to dinner on a muddy day without injury to his boots or expense to his pockets.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK.

To gain *our* bread the seed must first be sown, and, months after, the grain harvested, threshed, and ground. But the native of the Pacific Isles plucks his bread from the bread-fruit tree.

Our druggist, with his acids, concocts the cooling soda-water; but in a tiny, rocky isle in the middle of Clear Lake, California, there is a perpetual soda-fountain, from which gushes better soda-water than the chemist can produce.

Perhaps Nature foresaw the over-worked and not over-strong housewife, to whom "washing-day" is a dread and a burden, when she established here and there natural wash-tubs and washing-machines, and, in some places, even provided ready-made soap.

In the Yellowstone National Park the family washing is easily disposed of. The soiled bedding and clothing is put into a stout bag, which is hung in one of the boiling springs and left there while the party wander about sight-seeing. When taken out the clothes are so clean and white that no rinsing is necessary.

On one occasion a party hung their bag of clothes in the basin of the geyser called "Old Giant," and, wandering off, were absent longer than they intended to be. While they were away the "giant" spouted, and the garments were thrown high into the air, torn into shreds, and scattered. Some time afterwards bits of blanket and other cloth were found petrified, and some of these fossilised fragments are still exhibited.

A MUMMY ADVENTURE.

A French archæologist, travelling among the Andes in search of knowledge and specimens, had a great desire to explore some caves in the sides of the precipices. They were doubtless ancient tombs, and would probably yield him treasure. He selected a favourable spot, therefore, rigged a sort of chair or seat between two leather cords, and engaged two Indians to let him down from the brow of the precipice. "A descent of 300 feet made in this way," he tells us, "is extraordinarily long."

However, he reached the cave in safety, and on forcing a passage into it was rewarded by finding two skulls and a mummy—"thoroughly dry," he says, "and pretty solid." He passed a string through the eye-holes of the skulls, and attached them to his belt. Then he took the mummy in his arms, and signalled to the Indians to draw him up.

With his heels he defended himself against the jutting rocks, and in a few minutes was almost on a level with the top. The Indians knew nothing about his load.

Just then the yellow skull of one of their ancestors appeared before their eyes, and the idiots gave a start of surprise. The Frenchman thought they must have let go the cord.

"It was the affair of a second," he writes. "What passes in the brain of a man at such an instant is indescribable. I did not drop a yard, but I experienced all the horror of a man in rapidly falling through space. My hands let go the mummy, and while, covered with a cold sweat, I was helped over the edge of the cliff by the Indians, the mummy bounded from rock to rock, and landed in bits at the bottom of the chasm."

He overwhelmed the Indians with invectives, but to no purpose. Such dead men, they assured him, if disturbed in their sepulchres, had the habit of kissing the Indians, who perished infallibly under their deadly breath. One of the two declared that his own father had died in that way.

The other assured the Frenchman that at the moment when the head of the mummy showed above the edge of the rocks it opened its mouth. If it had not luckily fallen into the abyss it would have cursed them for ever.

And, young man, if you wish to save money, you will never marry a girl who does not read *Home Notes*.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Walnut Stain for Wooden Floors. Take two parts of permanganate of potash and thirty parts of water. Mix well. Paint this on to the floor two or three times until the right shade is produced. Afterwards polish well. (*Reply to* A. W. M., Plumstead).

Fruit Sauce is a very great improvement to boiled batter or custard puddings. Take any kind of fruit in season, such as rhubarb, apples, or gooseberries. Stew them with a little water till perfectly tender. Pass the pulp through a sieve, then sweeten to taste, and warm. Pour round the pudding, and serve.

To Clean Suède Gloves. Have ready some hot dry flour and a soft clean brush. Place the gloves on the hands and rub the dry flour well into them, using, if liked, a clean piece of flannel. When the surface is clean brush well, so that all the dirty flour will be removed. Very soiled gloves are best sent to a cleaner, who will clean them well for two or three pence. (*Reply to* MRS. CHARLES.)

Buttermilk Scones. This, I think, is the recipe you require. Take one and a half pounds of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix very thoroughly with the flour. Rub into it one ounce of butter, and then mix with buttermilk, or, if this is not obtainable, use sour milk. Mix quickly, and roll out to about one inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake on a floured tin. Serve them hot or cold, split open, and buttered. (*Reply to* LANCASHIRE.)

Lemon Pickle. Take one dozen fine lemons in perfectly sound condition, grate the peel, and let them remain in salt and water for nine days, rubbing daily with fresh salt. At the end of that time take them out, dry, and put them in to a stewpan with three pints of vinegar, one and a half ounces of mixed spice, and half an ounce of turmeric. Let the lemons boil in the pickle for twenty minutes; then place in a jar, pour the pickle over them, and when cold tie over with bladder. The grated peel is not used for the pickle, but it can be dried and reserved for flavouring puddings, etc.

Copying Ink Pencil Markings may be Removed from Paper by rubbing gently with a good ink eraser. In the case of a highly-glazed surface this would perhaps spoil the glaze, but I do not think it would be advisable to treat it with any liquid, as this would tend to set the ink, which is permanent when damped; otherwise a solution of oxalic acid (such as is used to remove ordinary ink-stains) in the proportion of a teaspoonful of acid to a teacupful of water might be used. (*Reply to* COPYING PENCIL, Elland.)

Cabbage au Gratin. For this dish delicate spring cabbage is required. Take one or two young cabbages according to your requirements, and boil them till tender. Meanwhile prepare the sauce. Place one ounce of butter in a saucepan, and then add one ounce of flour. Stir till thoroughly blended. Add half a pint of milk, stirring all the time to prevent it becoming lumpy. Season with pepper and salt, and then add two large tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Carefully drain the cabbage and place it in a dish. Before serving pour over the sauce, then scatter dried cheese on the top, and serve.

I Think the Injured Dignity of Boys most Amusing under the circumstances of which you tell me. When once they are in their teens their horror of looking ever so slightly like their sisters becomes a perfect craze, and their chief aim seems to appear a sort of juvenile edition of their father. You say although your son scorns the design you propose for his new dressing-gown you cannot afford to buy one ready made, for the cheapest are expensive, and, indeed, why should you when a really good pattern is to be had of quite an ideal garment? The design given by "Dora" in *Home Notes* not long since for a boy of ten to fourteen is just the thing you are seeking. For this dressing-gown (No. 288, price 6½d.) you will find dark brown tweed, with bindings of gendarme blue, most serviceable, as well as really smart-looking. Flannel is sometimes used as being cheaper, but then it does not stand the wear as tweed would. (*Reply to* MRS. BAXTER, Aberystwyth.)

Sufferers from Dyspepsia should eat lightly fried bacon for breakfast in preference to any other dish.

Pour Hot Tallow on to machine-oil stains on white goods. If this process be repeated several times in the sunshine it will remove even ink stains.

Potato for a Poultice. Inflamed eyes, styes, and colds may often be relieved by the application of a potato. Take a good-sized baked potato, scoop out the inside, and bind it over the lid on going to bed.

To Clean a Pepper Box, the holes of which have become clogged, soak it thoroughly in hot water, and then brush with a good stiff brush. Afterwards rinse the box thoroughly and dry before the fire. (*Reply to* PEPPER BOX, Brighton.)

A Good Cheap Spring Medicine, renowned as a blood-purifier, in spite of its simplicity, is composed of half an ounce of flowers of sulphur, mixed with one ounce of cream of tartar and half a pound of treacle or golden syrup. Take a teaspoonful before breakfast every morning for a week. (*Reply to* E. CHOLVERTON, Leeds.)

To Preserve Eggs. Pour six quarts of boiling water on three pounds of lime, one ounce of cream of tartar, and half a pound of salt. When quite cold pour this over the *fresh* eggs, which are carefully arranged in jars, and see that there are none uncovered. Tie the jars over with thick paper, and stand on a shelf in a cool larder or store-room. (*Reply to* HOUSEWIFE.)

To Exterminate Moths, Fleas, and Black Beetles, obtain some lime-powder—such as is used with oil for bright steel goods—scatter it freely on the floors, into all cracks, cupboards, and wherever the objectionable creatures congregate. Powdered borax may be used with the lime-powder. These ingredients will be found both cheap and efficient. (*Reply to* BEE, Kingston-on-Thames; LITTLE MAUDIE, and others.)

Lamb Pudding. This is a delicious dish, when carefully prepared. Make a nice light suet crust, and with it line a basin. Take from two to three pounds of the scrag end of a neck of lamb, cut into small neat pieces, and dip each into flour, nicely seasoned with pepper and salt. Place the meat in a basin, pour a teacupful of good stock over, and then cover with crust. Wring a cloth in boiling water, flour it well, and tie it over the pudding, which must boil for two hours and a half. To serve, send it to table in the basin, with a napkin folded neatly round. People who like boiled puddings will find this a very appetising dish, and more delicate than beefsteak pudding.

The French Method of Washing Muslins is, in my opinion, unsurpassed, and I feel confident you could not clean your muslin curtains more successfully than by this method: Prepare some rather warm (but not hot) lather, made with soft water and the best white curd soap; wash the curtains, one at a time, but on no account soak them. As soon as the first water looks soiled squeeze the muslin from it, and at once wash in a fresh lather. When thoroughly clean, rinse several times in pure, cold water, using lastly a water with very little blue in it. It must be borne in mind that goods of this description will not bear wringing, so the water must be squeezed from them, and the curtains hung in a shady place to dry. If the weather be wet, dry by the fire, but on no account hang in the sun, as this has the effect of fading the colours. (*Reply to* E. DOBSON, Blackheath.)

Rolled Ox Cheek. Procure a nice ox cheek, and get your butcher to bone it. Cleanse the cheek, lay it on a board, and cover it well with the following mixture: One teaspoonful of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of pepper, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, a quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, and two teaspoonfuls of coarse sugar. Dredge the meat all over with flour, and then roll it tightly. Before doing so, however, if liked, the meat may be covered with some thin slices of ham. Having rolled the meat up, carefully sew the flap down and bind it with tape to keep it in shape. Place two ounces of dripping in a saucepan, and after melting it add the meat. Turn several times, so that it will brown nicely without burning, then add enough hot stock or water to cover the meat, one carrot cut in half, half a turnip, and two onions, a bay leaf, and two strips of lemon-peel. Cover the pan, and let the meat stew slowly for two or three hours. Then take out, remove the tape, and place the meat in a roaster; baste it well, and flour it so that it will be nicely browned. About ten minutes before it is served stew thickly with fine breadcrumbs and chopped parsley mixed together. Serve hot with a little good gravy poured round, and garnish with any vegetable in season.

To Clean a Spice Mill grind half a teacupful of raw rice through it, and all traces of spice will be removed.

To Keep Stews and Soups add a good pinch of carbonate of soda to every quart, and they will not turn sour so quickly as usual.

When Whisking an Egg be sure that your basin, knife, etc., are perfectly dry, and then you will have no difficulty in getting it to foam up quickly.

Clean White Woollen goods by rubbing well with warm flour. The flour should be turned about whilst it is heating, and be applied to the goods with a soft flannel.

Baked Marmalade Pudding. This is a delicious pudding, and can be made from stale sponge-cake or madeira-cake. I daresay every housekeeper knows how tiresome it is to have remains of either of these cakes, which are quite unpalatable unless newly baked. Cut the cake in neat slices, and spread them with marmalade, and then lay in a pie-dish. Beat up two eggs with three-quarters of a pint of milk. Sweeten it, and flavour delicately with lemon essence, and pour over the whole. Arrange a few ratafias on the top, and bake in a slow oven till set. Serve cold.

To Glaze Linen Collars. Dissolve one ounce of best white gum arabic in a quarter of a pint of boiling soft water, strain, and bottle for use; put one small tablespoonful of the gum into one pint of cold water starch, made with two ounces of white starch and one teaspoonful of turpentine. Mix, and dip each *dried* article in the starch, wring out and dip into cold water again, wring out and lay separately on a dry cloth and cover with another dry cloth, roll up tightly, and leave for two or three hours. Iron with a box-iron, slightly on the wrong side, and thoroughly on the right side until dry and stiff. Have a well-heated polishing-iron, and use it with both hands to give weight and polish, moving it backwards and forwards; then pass the box-iron once over the wrong side, giving the corners a curl round, and air before the fire.

Ginger Wine. Several correspondents have written asking me for this recipe, so I give one which has been in use in my family for many years. It should be made now while Seville oranges are plentiful. To every gallon of water add three pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces best ginger (bruised), two small lemons, and two small Seville oranges. Roll the lemons and oranges well, and then peel them thinly. Boil the peel with the sugar, water, and ginger for half an hour, then turn into a pan, and when nearly cold add a teacupful of yeast. Take off the white skins of the lemons and oranges and well squeeze them. The following day put the juice, wine, and three pounds of raisins into a cask. Stir it every day for ten days. Then add one ounce of isinglass and a quart of brandy. Cork it closely, and in about two months it will be fit to bottle. These quantities of brandy, raisins, and isinglass will be enough for every ten gallons of wine. The peel and ginger must be put into the cask with the wine. When the wine is bottled cork up the cask, and before using it again the head should be taken out, and the barrel nicely cleaned with a scrubbing brush, or the peel from the last time cannot be removed. Before the wine is put in, cork up the cask, and well rinse it round with brandy. A small quantity of brandy should be put into each bottle when the wine is bottled. (*Rep'y to* M. M. B.)

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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, April 25, if intended for the Issue on sale May 4, and dated May 11.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1895. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29
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MRS. JACKSON

An artist's wife, residing at Norton, near Malton, states:—"No words can express my gratitude to you for the good received through taking your Wind Pills. For a long time I suffered severely from

INDIGESTION, SPASMS,

and **LIVER COMPLAINT.** The doctors gave me up as incurable, nor did I think it possible for me to recover. I scarcely dared to eat any food, fearing suffocation. Seeing an advertisement of

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS,

I resolved to try them. After taking a few small boxes I lost all the painful symptoms, and now enjoy good health. I feel I owe my life to you."

All Sufferers from INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, WIND on the STOMACH, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BILIOUSNESS, &c., should avail themselves of this most excellent medicine.

Of all Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

BREAD & HOVIS BISCUITS

As supplied to H.M. THE QUEEN.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SONS, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

BAKERS RECOMMENDING ANY OTHER BREAD IN THE PLACE OF "HOVIS" DO SO FOR THEIR OWN PROFIT. BEWARE!

5 GOLD MEDALS

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

FOR CAKES, PASTRY PUDDINGS AND WHOLESOME BREAD

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

The Great Spring Cleaner.

LAWRENCE'S BRILLIANT GENERAL RENOVATOR

For Cleaning, Polishing, and Preserving all kinds of Furniture, Lacquer, Plate, Bronzes, Pianos, in fact all polished surfaces.

A BOLD STATEMENT! ITS STRONG POINT.

This Compound will do what no Furniture Cream or any such like compound can do.

WHY?

Because it removes from all kinds of Furniture, Pianos, in fact all polished surfaces, the misty appearance (commonly known in the trade as sweat, which is technically Oxidized Oil), and restores permanently to its ORIGINAL brilliancy. The surface becoming perfectly hard IMMEDIATELY after finishing, will NOT FINGER MARK.

SOLD IN BOTTLES, 3d., 6d., 1/-, & 2/-,

By all the principal House Furnishers, Ironmongers, Pianoforte Houses, Grocers, Chemists, Drysalters, &c., or where not obtainable a sample 1/- bottle sent post free for 1/- Postal Order direct from the Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,

WM. LAWRENCE, "Mayfield Works," Curtis Street, NOTTINGHAM.

WHOLESALE—

W. B. FORDHAM & SONS, LTD., YORK RD., KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.; BAXENDALE & CO., MILLER STREET, MANCHESTER; J. T. CONNELL & CO., GLASGOW (Scotland and Ireland).

TIME ON THE MEND

If you suffer from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Cramp, Sprains, Chest Cold, Sore Throat, Chilblains, Faceache, Backache, or any other ache,

DAY'S OIL OF THE NIGHT

PUTS THAT RIGHT.

"It is a positive pain killer."—Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

"I find it a wonderful preparation for the relief of Neuralgia and Rheumatism."—S. F. Edwards, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

11½ and 2/9 from Chemists, or direct, post paid,

DAY & SONS, Crewe, Cheshire.

Notice.

Persons subject to eye disorders should know that any affliction can be cured by Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment, but it must be Singleton's. Of all chemists and drug stores at 2/- per pot. 300 years' reputation. "How to preserve the Eyesight," a little book of value to every family in which there is a case of weak eyes, will be forwarded free to any address by Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY.

ARE SELLING FAST THE MOST WONDERFUL PACKAGE OF CROCKERY IN THE WORLD.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed **Worth the Guinea alone,** consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given **FOR NOTHING.**

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers, not middlemen like many other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000ft. frontage to the town of Hanley. Hundreds of these packages are applied for as **Wedding or Birthday Presents.** And what more useful present can be given? Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY.

For the past quarter of a century there has been one continuous flow of letters bearing testimony to the truly wonderful cures effected by Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," the "finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light." Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind, are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations or substitutes.

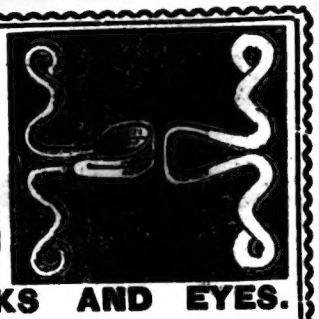
HEIGHT INCREASED

Three inches or more without fear of detection by PINET'S Elevators (Patented). Can be worn in any Boot or Shoe. Awarded Gold Medal, Paris.—P. W. PINET, 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

LADIES

You want your bodice front to fit without

A WRINKLE



Then fasten it with

PRYM'S REFORM HOOKS AND EYES.

"Worth," "Viola," "Roun," "Williamson," and "Redfern," of Paris, all say: *"For securing a perfectly smooth bodice front Prym's Reform Hooks and Eyes are the most practical ever invented."*

They never come unfastened of themselves, and ensure a perfecting-fitting bodice, without crease or gap, as long as the dress lasts.

SOLD BY DRAPERS EVERYWHERE

CHIVERS'

DELICIOUS, Prepared in silver-lined pans. **WHOLESOME.** Highly prized by all. **REFRESHING,** Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices.

DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N., says: "Jellies that really add to our health and luxury."

GOLD MEDAL

PROPRIETORS OF THE FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT FARM JAM FACTORY,

S. CHIVERS & SONS, **HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.**

CHIVERS' CUSTARDS and **CHIVERS' BLANC MANGES**—2d. and 3d. packets and 6d. boxes—two more delicious and digestible additions to the dinner and supper table. Made by simply adding milk and boiling.

A CHILD by the aid of **CHIVERS' SPECIALITIES** can make a CUSTARD, a BLANC MANGE or a JELLY, of which any Cook might be proud. *Of Grocers and Stores.*

JELLIES.

'TWIXT EDITOR AND READER.

PENKNIVES are this week offered to the fifty persons sending in the best drawings in illustration of the names of public men. We give an example. The accompanying sketch represents BANNERMAN, a name well known in connection with the present Government, and also with Australian cricket. No competitor is to forward more than two examples, so let them be good ones. Sketches in envelopes or on post-cards, marked "Picture," to reach us by Tuesday, April 30th. If any specially good specimens are sent in by competitors we shall reproduce them in *P.W.*

AS I had occasion to remind my readers last week, Messrs. R. Cripps & Co., of Nottingham, have been kind enough to offer one of the Cripps' safety machines, value £26, as a prize for whoever may give the best reason why ladies should ride bicycles. In forwarding attempts to this office one shilling should be inclosed for the benefit of the FRESH AIR FUND. This stipulation has an immense advantage, for even if one fails to win the bicycle he has at least the consolation of feeling that some poor child is the richer by a country holiday. The competition closes on April 23rd, and the result will be published as soon as possible after that date.

BOSS, a member of the Stock Exchange, asks whether it can be true that at the time when the African diamond fields were discovered there was only one diamond cutter in London.———— This rather astounding assertion is literally correct. About two hundred years ago the English diamond cutters were the finest in the world, and the trade was centred in London. Owing to religious persecution the experts migrated in a body to Amsterdam, and did not come back. Consequently, when the African fields were first discovered, Dutchmen were engaged to work in London from Monday morning to Friday night at almost any wages they liked to ask. At first they were content with £10 a week, working in rooms with locked doors, to prevent any secrets of the trade coming to light. Then they grew discontented and asked for £12 a week. It was given at once. Finally they demanded £18 a week, and discovered to their mortification that they had killed the goose with the golden eggs. English gem cutters were put to work. At first they took a whole month to cut a diamond which a Dutchman could do in four days; now they are the most expert workmen in the world. "Patience," I am told, is the great secret of success.

L. L.—The Victoria Cross was instituted on February 5th, 1856. It is made of bronze from Russian cannon taken at Sebastopol.

E. S. A. asks: "How many cigarettes can a proficient workman roll in one day?"———— I have no statistics on the subject, but the average production by one person is generally about 2,000. These figures, of course, refer to cigarettes made by hand.

R. M., who is collecting horseshoes "for luck," is anxious to know whether cast off donkey's shoes have the same mysterious properties.———As superstition is silent on this all important point, the only possible answer is in the negative. The office boy's theory that horseshoes are lucky because they come from the place where the 'oof grows is, of course, incorrect. Otherwise the remark would apply to all, or nearly all, shod animals. It is supposed to be lucky to pick up a horseshoe, because at one time the shoe was nailed over the door-post as a protection against witches. What effect they exercised over these supernatural creatures, however, history does not relate.

G. T. E. asks: "What is the meaning of the word 'Entire' that we see on public-houses?"———
There is probably no other sign so habitually used which is so universally misunderstood, or rather not understood at all. "Entire" is another name for stout or porter, two drinks which in their present form were unknown prior to the year 1722. Before this time the publican's stock-in-trade consisted of beer, ale, and twopenny. A blend of the three was the most popular beverage, and the unfortunate retailer had to go to three separate casks and turn three different cocks to draw a pint of liquor. No one, however, seems to have considered the waste of time and energy thus involved until some unusually intellectual brewer hit upon a method of obtaining the favoured triple flavour in the manufacturing process. The new liquor was called "entire" or "entire butt beer," meaning that it was drawn from a single cask. It was afterwards renamed "porter" on account of its rich and nourishing qualities, which made it an admirable drink for men employed in arduous manual labour.

G. E. T.—Your invention of a waterproof sponge for travellers is most clever. I do not think it is necessary, however, to take out a patent. Some ideas are brilliant enough to be their own protection.

TO be successful in these days one must be eccentric. A letter has reached me from an enterprising "Professor of Languages," who is evidently about to introduce us to a new educational era. Aristotle, as everyone knows, was in the habit of delivering his lectures while walking, and, no doubt taking his cue from the famous Greek philosopher, my professor proposes holding French and German classes in the train. Such a method would have much to recommend it. The twenty minutes which the ordinary suburban resident spends in travelling to and from his business every morning and evening is usually so much time wasted, and there is no doubt that there are numbers of men who either for their own pleasure or their own convenience would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity for acquiring a mastery over various foreign languages which did not necessitate the sacrifice of the few moments in the evening which they are able to call their own. It would at least be more satisfactory to talk French or German than to read an English newspaper, considering the conditions under which the ordinary suburban train is run.

H. T. E.—It is estimated that the cost of working tramways by compressed air (as at Nantes) is 5d. per mile, by steam 3s. 3d., by horse 1s. 8d. per mile.

R. A. G. sends me the following cutting from the advertisement columns of the EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH. It is the last cry of a neglected householder, and may be taken as a prototype of the notices which will soon find a permanent place under the heading "Situations Vacant":

SERVANT.—Wanted, by a widower living in an Edinburgh *flat*, a general servant, who will kindly superintend him in cooking and washing, nursing the baby, etc.; she will have every Sunday and two nights out in each week, and the use of the drawing-room (with the piano) for the reception of her friends on the other evenings. The master (?) of the house lights the fire in the morning, brushes the boots, and hands a cup of tea and the SCOTSMAN to the servant before she gets up. The requirements and conditions laid down in the letters of previous applicants render it necessary that the advertiser should modify his advertisement. Apply, stating salary likely to be accepted, to 5910, EVENING DISPATCH Office.

ANOTHER peculiar paragraph also has reached me, this time from the BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH of January 7th, 1895:

THE STORY OF A LOST WEDDING RING.

A remarkable story of a wedding ring, which appears to be well authenticated, comes to us from Plainfield, United States. Six years ago, it appears, Mrs. Humpston, of Dorchester, Mass., was visiting her son's family, and while at her toilet she lost her wedding ring. Nothing more was seen of it until the other day, when a dead rat, which the dog had been engaged upon, was found in the yard. A boy kicked the rat, and a piece of metal, which proved to be the missing ring, fell from its body. That this was so was proved by the fact that the ring bore the inscription, "C. S. S. to S. E. E., Jan. 11, 1894."

The proof, of course, is most convincing, but all the same it is rather strange that a ring lost for six years should bear the date 1894.

A FEW weeks ago a correspondent, writing under the *nom de guerre* of "Capstan," asked for some particulars concerning the construction of Nelson's ship *Victory*.————S. T. P. is kind enough to point out that the dimensions are perfectly well known, and are preserved at Chatham Dockyard and at the Admiralty, where he believes a model is also to be found.

NOT R. D. If a gentleman invites a lady to go to a theatre with him he pays for the tickets out of his own pocket as a matter of course; if the lady asks the gentlemen to take her it is a different thing.

ANXIOUS WATCHER.—According to the most authoritative statistics which have been published on the subject, only one sailor out of about 260 is lost at sea.

THE following letter has reached me from Bombadier H. Chapman 32nd Field Battery, Royal Artillery, who writes from Abbassiyeh, Egypt:

On reading of a steeplejack who placed your paper on a church steeple, I resolved to go one better, and, while on an excursion to the Pyramids I took a copy of the same issue (February 9th) and nailed it to the flag-staff of the Great Pyramid. It is still there, 1800 above the surrounding country, and the guide who calls himself the Son of Sheik, points it out to visitors of every nation (he speaks nine languages) as the copy of *Pearson's Weekly* which the "Ascarri Engelese" nailed there with the heel of a Wellington boot.

R. E. D.—I have already said a good deal about the commercial value of the sunflower and poppy in these pages. But although we can scarcely conceive them consigned to common uses, there are, as a matter of fact, very few flowers which are worthless from an economic point of view. Nothing, it has been said, can be spared in this utilitarian age. Some species are distilled and prepared for their perfume, others for their medicinal and industrial properties, while a few form staple articles of diet, especially in Eastern countries. Even the common cowslip of our meadows is turned into wine. Chinese teas are scented and flavoured with the blossom of the shrubs from which the leaves are gathered. The flowers of an Indian tree, the mohwa, secrete half their weight in sugar. They are produced, says an authority upon the subject, in enormous quantities, and eaten both raw and cooked. In colour they are snow-white. Many other flowers, especially violets and rosebuds, are preserved and eaten. In fact, this special work is a recognised branch of the crystallised fruit trade on the Riviera and elsewhere. The flowers of the Indian sorrell become fleshy as they ripen, and are made into tarts, jellies, and a peculiar kind of refreshing drink, that is very popular with the natives. The petals of other plants are used for flavouring sweetmeats and various kinds of jam, especially, I believe, in Roumania; while the blossoms of the *Hemerocallis graminia* when dried constitute one of the greatest delicacies of the Chinese kitchen. Capers and cloves are both unexpanded flower buds. Some of the most beautiful vegetable dyes are obtained from the blossoms of various plants. Rouge is made up of powdered talc mixed with the bright colouring matter extracted from the safflower, a thistle-like plant, which has, consequently, a very large commercial value. The medical uses of flowers are endless; it would be quite impossible to make any attempt to enumerate them here.

F. A. L.—Your letter having been forwarded to a friend of mine, who is a professor of science, he writes:

After many years devoted to a study of the subject I see no reason for ridiculing the idea of your correspondent that every passing impression makes an indelible stamp upon the brain; in fact, the evidence of many persons who have been miraculously saved at the last moment from sudden death seems to support such a theory. Every detail of their life, they say, flashes through their minds during the last few moments of consciousness. It is noticeable, moreover, what trivial events in our lives may be recalled by a word or a gesture, by the whiff of some perfume or some half-familiar scene. It is my own belief that every impression which has ever been made upon our minds may be revived if a sympathetic chord is touched. The brain, in fact, receives indentations like the cylinder of a modern phonograph.

MISERABILIS.—Send your name and address, please, in confidence.

IN inclosing a handsome donation towards the FRESH AIR FUND, which is elsewhere acknowledged, Mr. John Howell, the secretary of the Aberdare Workmen's Club, mentions the interesting fact that out of the 300 members among whom the subscription has been raised no fewer than 250 are colliers. They, at all events, he says, can appreciate the children's craving for fresh air. In the name of the little ones, who will be the richer by a long day's holiday, and, most assuredly in my own name also, I thank them for their sympathy. Several other clubs, I hear, are making similar collections amongst their members.

It will, perhaps, be remembered that last year many valuable prizes were given to collectors on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. I am pleased to say that this year several firms have again sent intimations to the effect that they will repeat their offers. Will readers therefore note that the first collecting competition will close on May 16th, and the person who sends the largest amount on or before that date will be awarded a £22 bicycle, given by the proprietors of the Nimrod Cycle Company, of Bristol. The machine will be fitted with non-slipping and non-puncturing G. & J. pneumatic tyres.

The second prize for the next largest amount will be a "Kodet" camera, value £4 10s., offered by The Eastman Photographic Materials Co., Ltd., of 115 and 117, Oxford Street, the manufacturers of the famous Kodak cameras; the third will be a £3 3s. suit, given by the Limerick Clothing Company, of Limerick; and the fourth prize a guinea set of crockery, presented by the Pearson Pottery Company, of Hanley.

The firms who have been good enough to help the F.A.F. by offering such valuable articles to collectors have signified their intention of giving a series of prizes of the same value if this competition proves a success; so I hope that readers will use every effort to collect a substantial sum.

Ninepence gives a day's happiness to a child, and provides a substantial meat pie, and a sufficiency of bread, butter, jam, cake, and milk, besides paying for the railway journey.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Editor of *P.W.*, at Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Large collecting forms can be obtained on application by those who are sufficiently interested in the FRESH AIR FUND to care to assist it in this way.

£8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200. There are no expenses of management; every penny goes to the children in the form of food or fares.

The following is a list of subscriptions up to date:

Amount Previously Acknowledged . . £78 12s. 7d

James Mc——, 5s.; Mrs. ——, 1s.; Messrs. Lever Bros., £5 2s.; Photos, 12s.; Stanley Lodge, W. D. and H. O. Wills, £5 2s.; F. A., 5s. 10d.; D. Summers, 5s.; Messrs. Bird Bovril Agency & Co., Proprietors of Pearson, £1 1s.; Leopold Cooper, £1; Members of the Aberdare Workmen's Club, £7 8s.

Grand Total. . . £101 17s. 2d.

POSTAL RATES.

All post free.	*Pearson's Weekly.*	*Home Notes.*	*Short Stories.*	*Footlight Favorites.*	*Pressmatics at Home.*
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
One Year	8 8	8 8	6 6	7 6	2 6
Half Year	4 4	4 4	3 3	per twelve	per year.
3 Months	2 2	2 2	1 8	parts.	

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—
"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Montreal, and Cape Town.

P. W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248, Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TITAN SOAP TITAN SOAP

"Dirt flies before it—the Clothes Wash themselves."

TITAN

PATENT

No Rubbing. **SOAP** No Labour.

Whitens Linen without sunshine or chemicals, and makes flannels and woollens soft and fleecy. Excellent for colored and dyed articles, and specially suited to silk goods, which it leaves in perfect condition.

TITAN SOAP is pure and durable, makes splendid lather, and is soft and pleasant to the skin. No cracked hands where TITAN is used

For ALL Domestic purposes TITAN is the most economical in the market.

TRY IT AND PROVE IT!

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By Special Appointment — To H.I.M. the Empress Frederick.
By Special Appointment — To Her Majesty the Queen.
By Special Appointment — To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ⚓ B Serges

(FOR LADIES, CHILDREN, AND GENTLEMEN).

And IMPERIAL WOOLLEN AND WORSTED DRESS MATERIALS in the most Fashionable Plain and Fancy Weavings.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER PATTERNS POST FREE.

NAVY TWEEDS, &c. A large range of new Spring and Summer Tweeds, Homespuns, &c., for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear.

Ladies' Plain Tailor-made Skirts, Gentlemen's and Boys' Suits, &c., to Special Measure.

Carriage Paid on orders of 20s. and above to any part of Great Britain or Ireland. Special Rates for Foreign Parts. Kindly mention this paper. ANY LENGTH SOLD. Address—

EGERTON BURNETT Royal Serge Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England.

No connection with any London or Provincial Firm. No Agents.

GREY HAIR.

Prof. R. BLANCHE'S "Walnutene" is the greatest scientific invention of modern times. It stains Grey Hair to any desired shade without staining the skin. "Walnutene" leaves the Hair glossy, cannot wash off, is clean, economical, absolutely harmless, no trouble, no dirty sediments, no unnatural tints, does not retard the growth. In one liquid. Price 2/6 and 5/-, post free, packed secretly 6d. extra. made in all shades. Guaranteed to contain no Lead or Sulphur, and is not an injurious transparent caustic dye. Prof. R. BLANCHE, 54 and 56, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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Permanently Cured. A Pamphlet, giving sound, practical advice and full particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. PROF. F. W. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London. [Mention Pearson's.]

"To give the hesitating wheels of life gibbler play."

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA

Prepared from Malt, Hops, Kola, and Cocoa.

Most delicious for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper.

A PERFECT BEVERAGE FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND BUSY MEN.

STIMULATING. STRENGTHENING. SUSTAINING.

"In the front rank of really valuable Foods."—*The Lancet.*

FREE

A dainty Sample Tin sent Free on receipt of post card.

Sold in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.

THE VI-COCOA COMPANY, 102, PENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Richmond Cavendish Co., Ltd.

AT THEIR

BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL,

AND

Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

BALDNESS CURED.

If your hair is falling off, don't despair; try my remedy. It has cured others, it will cure you; success guaranteed; post free, with instructions, 2/9 and 5/6 per bottle.

G. H. WRIGHT, Willingham, Cambs.

CYCLES AT FIRST COST!

Why pay extravagant prices when you can get a High-Grade up-to-date Cycle direct from the Manufacturers at the price of a cheap machine? Guaranteed for two years. Terms cash, money returned if not approved. Write for Catalogue to

H. A. CLARKE & CO., Rutland St., Leicester.

BEAULINE.

(Registered Trade Mark.)

I USED IT.

Every Young Man can speedily cultivate a Heavy, Handsome Moustache by a few applications of "Beauline or Pomade d'Ésan," the newly-discovered Hair-forcing Specific. Success guaranteed. Will not stain or injure the most delicate skin. Post free (plain covers) 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.—Knowles & Co., 115, Strand, London. "A genuine Hair Producer and Restorer, absolutely unrivalled." Testimonials daily.

MASON'S WINE ESSENCES — NON — INTOXICATING

A 6d. Bottle will make a Gallon of delicious Wine. Sample bottle post free for 9 stamps.

A Lady writes:—"The 6d. Bottle of Ginger Wine Essence made several bottles of most delicious Wine, far better than what we have paid 2s. a bottle for. It is most suitable for children's parties."

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

Mason's Extract of Herbs for making delicious non-intoxicating Beer. A 5d. bottle makes 6 gallons. Sample bottle, 9 stamps, or a sample of both post free for 15 stamps. *Agents Wanted.*

"COMMODORE"

Admitted by all to be the most perfect in the market for 1895. 5,000 prizes already won on them. Purchase by deal direct with the makers and save pounds. Complete machines from £6 15s. Illustrated Lists sent post free to any address.

NORTH-WESTERN CYCLE Co., SPON STREET, COVENTRY.

Carriage paid to any station.

H. SAMUEL'S MARVEL WATCH. 10/6

Splendid, strong and compact; **JEWELLED**; handsomely chased, as shown, or plain if preferred. Shows time to one-fifth of a second. Delivered Free and Safe at any address for **10/6**. Send P.O. Order to-day! Enclose this announcement and a Handsome Albert Chain is sent **FREE** with each. Full amount returned if dissatisfied. Over **1,500 STARTLING BARGAINS** are illustrated in H. Samuel's New Pictorial Catalogue. Real Gold Brooches, **4/6**; Real Gold Scarfpins, **1/6**; Albert Chains from 1/-. Splendid designs. **HUNDREDS** of amazing testimonials. Finest Electro Silver Plate and Cutlery, First Quality Clocks, &c., at **WHOLESALE PRICES**, enabling every reader to buy direct from the manufacturer at **FIRST COST.** Solid Sterling Silver "**ACME**" Watches (ladies' and gentlemen's); worth 3 guineas, H. Samuel's price **25/-**. A **FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY** with each. A **MONTH'S FREE TRIAL** allowed. A **HANDSOME PRIZE FREE** with each. Particulars and Prize List sent with H. Samuel's Wonderful Catalogue. This interesting book will be sent to any address, **GRATIS** and **POST FREE.** Don't waste money on worthless imitations of H. Samuel's Watches. Be sure to **SEND TO H. SAMUEL** direct, and enclose this announcement from "**PEARSON'S WEEKLY.**"

H. SAMUEL { Largest English Watch Manufacturer, 97, 99, 101, 89, & 121, Market St., Manchester.

D'ALMAINE'S

SALE OF

PIANOS From 7 Guineas upwards.

Story & Clark, Bell, Smith, and D'Almaine's from 3½ guineas. Ten years' warranty, easy terms, packing and carriage free on approval. D'ALMAINE (Est. 110 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, City.

GIVEN AWAY.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

21s Direct from Looms, Carriage Paid. 21s

1895 POPULAR PARCEL.

Lot 277.—Contains 1 pair Drawing-room Curtains, new and exquisite design, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 3 pairs elegant Dining-room, 3yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair choice Bedroom, 3yds. long, 50in. wide; 1 heavy Lace Table Centre; 1 Lace Sideboard Cloth. All Goods TAPED. Ecru if desired. Marvellous value and durability, latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Lace Cover Given Away with Price List (Post Free), 250 Illustrations of 1895 Lace Curtains, Flouncings, Mantle Capes, Roller Blinds, &c. P.O.O.'s payable to S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, NOTTINGHAM. Estab. 1857.

BEEMAN'S THE ORIGINAL **PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.**

A DELICIOUS AND LASTING CONFECTION.

CURES INDIGESTION and seasickness. Put up in 1d. and 2½d. packages. If you cannot obtain it of dealers, send stamps for sample package, adding 1d. extra to cover postage to

THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 18, Ryegrove House, Merton, Surrey.

THE COURT ROYAL CYCLES

FOR TOURISTS.

Every Machine Warranted.

Testimonials received daily from all ranks of society.

Catalogues and testimonials free. Agents wanted in every part of the civilised world.

J. LLOYD COURTS & Co., Coventry.

THE PATENT **MASTICATOR.**

(In Blades in one.)

To use in place of Knife for preparing chops, steaks, and all roast or boiled meats for mastication, by mincing and pulping same on your warm plate, and so preserving all the nutriment. No dinner table is complete without the Masticator. It is invaluable to the Aged, Young Children, and all suffering from Weak Digestive Organs, or those who eat quickly. It will last a lifetime, being made of fine German Silver and Electro-plated. Price 3s. each, complete in box, post free to all parts of the world, from

G. L. SMITH & Co., 9, Horace Road, Forest Gate, London, E.

Hundreds of unsolicited Testimonials received from Princes downwards, speaking in highest terms of the Masticator.

AJAX CYCLES

CHEAPEST ON EARTH. MARVELLOUS VALUE. From £2 10s. to £25. Immense Stock of New and Second-hand SAFETIES and TRICYCLES —Pneumatics, Cushions, and Solids. EASY TERMS FROM 10s. PER MONTH. Write to-day for our 200-PAGE ILLUSTRATED LISTS, Post Free. Twelve Months' Guarantee and Carriage Paid.—British Cycle Manufacturing Co. Liverpool: 45, Everton-rd.; London: 42, High-st., Camden Town, N.W.

GIVEN AWAY.

REVULCANISED GOLD MEDAL RUBBER STAMPS

Your Name, your Monogram, bottle of Endorsing Ink, two Pads, Box, and Brush, for 9d., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 2d. Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case with Name Stamp, 6d. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 9d. Watch Case beautifully chased, with Name and Address Stamp, 1s.; and

every other description of Rubber Stamp. Endorsing and Indelible Inks, Stencils, Hand Printing Appliances, &c., at half the usual price. Send for List of Hundred Illustrations. Agents wanted. Address to

CRYSTAL PALACE (JOHN BOND'S DAUGHTER'S) GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N. CAUTION. The Original and Genuine Ink Label has the Trade Mark—"Crystal Palace."

THE FACTORY CLOTHING CO.,

117B, ALBION STREET,

LEEDS.

CYCLING SUIT.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE ALL MIDDLE PROFITS.

All goods made in our own Factory by experienced workpeople. Unequalled value. Perfect style, fit, and finish guaranteed.

Special attention given to School Suits.

SAILOR SUITS from	3/9
NORFOLK " "	5/6
RUGBY " "	9/6
YOUTHS' " "	11/6
MEN'S " "	16/6
" CYCLING "	18/6
MEN'S TROUSERS "	6/3

Patterns and measurement forms sent on application. Cheques and Postal Orders above Company. With each suit a piece for mending sent.

ALL GOODS CARRIAGE PAID.

SMOKERS

ALWAYS CLEAN

Use RICHFORD'S PATENT "FREDRAW" PLUG, insures a clean pipe, prevents choking, saves its cost in first ounce smoked. One Penny, of all Tobacconists. Samples (¼-doz.) sent free, 6½ stamps.

F. RICHFORD & Co., 163, FLEET ST., LONDON.

THE ORMONDE

On These Celebrated

Machines over 4,000 Prizes have been won.

Testimonials from all parts of the world.

Good Cash Discounts, or supplied on Easy Terms. Agents wanted in every Town and Village where not already represented.

Full Particulars and Catalogue Free.

The NEW ORMONDE CYCLE CO., Ltd. Head Depot—Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills FOR FEMALES

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9 (the latter contains three times the quantity) of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham. *Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.*

NO TRUSS

in the world will retain or CURE RUPTURE as "Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" has done in thousands of cases. Testimonials from everywhere. Pamphlet No. 1 tells all about it. Send 4d. in stamps. Address: MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.; or John King (Electrician), 24, Langton Road, Brixton, London, S.W. Please mention this paper.

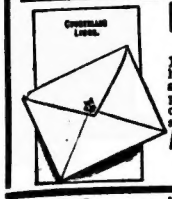
OFFENSIVE & EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

Positively cured in one week, without injury to the health. Explanatory Pamphlet post free two stamps.

PROF. D. COTTON,

3, Chapel Place, Cavendish Sq., London, W.

FASHIONABLE CLUB NOTE.



100 sheets with stylish address heading in gold or any colour, and 100 Envelopes for 2s. 6d. post free. Samples of this and other high-class stationery on application to

A. SHARP WALKER & CO., 4, Holborn Place, London, W.C.

PILES KEELING'S PILLS Give Instant Relief. Positive cure. Never known to fail. 1 1½ per box, or 13 post free.

Address W. KEELING, BOURNEMOUTH.

A Hospital Nurse writes: "I find your pills have done me a great deal of good, after having tried every other remedy." E. TIPPOMAN, 9, Alderney St., S.W.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.

GIVEN AWAY **£5,000!** **GRAHAM & CO.'S** GIVEN AWAY **£5,000!**

MONSTER GIFTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Messrs. GRAHAM & CO. intend to present their customers with a Monster Parcel as a means of advertising their celebrated **EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY.**

FOR THE SMALL SUM OF 6s. 6d. WE WILL SEND AS FOLLOWS:—

NOT A TOY

WE GIVE YOU A WATCH.

BUT GUARANTEED TO KEEP CORRECT TIME.

Any Watch not received in going order will be exchanged.

	Our Price.	
One Gents' Egyptian Gold Albert, or one Ladies' Egyptian Gold Albert	2s. 6d.	FOR **6s. 6d.**
One Seal or Locket for Chain	1s. 6d.	
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Ring, or one Ladies' 5-Stone Diamond Ring	2s. 6d.	
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Scarfpin, or one Ladies' Fashionable Brooch ...	2s. 6d.	
One Pair of Cuff Links, or one Carbon Diamond Bracelet	2s. 6d.	
Total	12s. 6d.	

In addition to above Every Purchaser will be Presented Free of Charge with one of our handsome

KEYLESS WATCHES,

Usually sold at Half-a-Guinea.

Read what is said by those who have Purchased.

WANTS A SECOND PARCEL.

"Lowick-by-Beale, Northumberland, August 17.

"GENTLEMEN,—Received to-day your second parcel of Jewellery, with which we are immensely pleased. We really wonder how you can do it. The watch itself is worth more than the money charged for the whole. Many thanks for punctuality. Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM McISAAC."

Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Timed, and Guaranteed a Correct Timekeeper. Call and see them.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give our customers the benefit. As we lose money on each parcel we cannot supply more than two parcels to one person. If you cannot call, get a P.O. at once, and send for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be executed in rotation. *Money returned if not as represented.*

NOTE.—The entire parcel will be sent for 6s. 6d. (post free registered 7s.). Each customer will receive gratis one of our HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. Be sure and call or send to-day for the

6s. 6d. MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL including the HANDSOME KEYLESS WATCH.

GRAHAM & CO.,

227, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The LANCET says:

"We counsel the public to drink

MONTSERRAT

Lime-Fruit Juice

wherever and whenever they list. It is a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol."

A teaspoonful of Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice in a small glass of water, taken on arising, is best for average humanity in the Spring than a large quantity of medicine. It costs but about One Shilling for a pint bottle. Not an expensive experiment. Good also as a beverage in place of lemons. Sold everywhere. Druggists and Grocers.

REYNOLDS' GOUT SPECIFIC.

CURES—

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and all NEURALGIC COMPLAINTS.

Dr. DALY, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes:

"I have for some time recommended Reynolds' Gout Specific to my patients, and I am pleased to tell you with the best results. I have in ALL cases found it a most valuable and speedy remedy." Sold in Bottles by all Chemists, 2s. 9d., or post free, from REYNOLDS' GOUT SPECIFIC CO., 47, Fleet Street, London.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A lady who has permanently destroyed Superfluous Hair on herself will be happy to forward free, to all similarly afflicted, full particulars of a simple, inexpensive and painless self-treatment. Send stamped addressed envelope in confidence to "Mrs. E. K." 27, Strand, London, W.C.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE.

Post Free DIRECT from Makers at Wholesale Prices.

"THE MARVEL" TEA POT.
7/6
COST FREE
OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR
24/6
ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE. GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT SHAPE. ENGRAVED BY HAND

A genuine Saving of from 25 to 50 per cent.

SOLID WHITE BONE EDGE-PINNED Table Knives, 6/- doz. Dessert Knives, 5/6 doz. Carvers, 3/6 pair.

SOLID IMPROVED NICKEL SILVER. Warranted to wear white all through. Tea Spoons, 2/6 doz. Dessert Spoons or Forks, 5/6 doz. Table Spoons or Forks 6/6 doz. Small quantities supplied post free.

SPECIALITY.—THE GENTLEMAN'S HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR, Black Handle, in Cases, price 2/6 each; Ivory, 3/6. Pair in Case (Black), 7/6; Ivory, 9/6, post free.

SAMPLES willingly sent on approval.

Money Returned or Goods Exchanged if not approved of.

Please mention NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. *"Pearson's Weekly."*

WILLIAM RODGERS & Co.,

DEPT. P., 23 & 25, OTLEY STREET, SHEFFIELD.

BE SURE TO KEEP

IT WILL PAY YOU WELL.

£1,000 VALUE IN RUGS.

GIVEN AWAY FREE.

Unprecedented Offer.

We make this offer to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* to introduce our celebrated goods to their notice only. On receipt of this advertisement, accompanied by Postal Order for 5s., or 60 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our 7s. genuine SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in thirty different patterns and art colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company, *Below the Actual Cost of Production.* They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchasers all Middle Profits. Over 100,000 sold during the past twelve months at 7s. each.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Hearthrug to match, or we will send Two CARPETS and Two RUGS for 9s. 3d.

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

The *Queen* says: "Decidedly stouter and handsomer than any of the kind, the price being the astounding part of the matter." *Schoolmistress:* "For style, durability, and cheapness they cannot be beaten." *Penny Illustrated Paper:* "Manufactured in every variety of colour, and is one of the most surprising bargains I have seen." *Church Bells:* "Truly wonderful value."

Thousands of Testimonials similar to the following, and Repeat Orders, have been received from our Customers:

"50, Berkeley Square.

"The COUNTESS OF SELKIRK would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

"Pomfret Hotel, Towchester.

"Mrs. M'AUSLIN will feel obliged if you will send her the following goods, &c. The two Carpets she had from the Company last year have given great satisfaction."

CARPET ORDER FORM.

On receipt of this order form, and Postal Order or stamps, we guarantee to send any goods, as above, to your address in any part of the United Kingdom. Money returned if not approved. (Signed) THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.

This offer is made to the readers of this paper only, and may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made Payable to J. HARGREAVES. *Address*—

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., 31, Old Street, Aldersgate, London, E.C.

BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

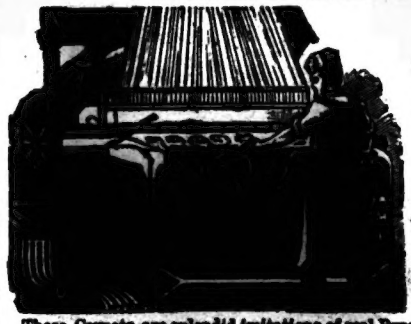
WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

Immense Reduction in Prices of our World-Renowned

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Seamless, Woven, and Reversible, Rich Turkey Patterns and Colourings, Superior Quality, with Handsome Border to Match, a Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.



SIZES AND PRICES.

No.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.	Sale price. s. d.	Former price. s. d.
1	9	0	by	6	0	5 6	9 0
2	9	0	,,	7	6	7 0	11 0
3	9	0	,,	9	0	8 6	13 6
4	10	6	,,	7	6	8 9	13 9
5	10	6	,,	9	0	10 0	15 6
6	12	0	,,	9	0	11 6	18 0
7	10	6	,,	10	6	12 0	18 6
8	12	0	,,	10	6	13 6	20 6
9	15	0	,,	9	0	14 3	22 6
10	13	6	,,	10	6	15 3	24 0
11	12	0	,,	12	0	15 3	24 0
12	13	6	,,	12	0	17 0	27 0
13	15	0	,,	12	0	19 0	32 0
14	18	0	,,	12	0	22 9	36 0
15	21	0	,,	12	0	26 0	42 0

These Carpets are splendid imitations of real Brussels Carpets, the designs having been carefully copied from the originals, both as regards colourings and patterns, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. They have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and utility, having no equal. All designs are registered, and deservedly considered works of art.

GIVEN AWAY.

As an advertisement for the introduction of these goods to all readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, we have decided to give away to every purchaser of the above goods inclosing cutting from this advertisement, a very handsomely woven Hearthrug, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide, to match carpets in colours, &c.

All goods despatched same day as order received. **Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.** Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to J. HARGREAVES, Secretary, and crossed "Union Bank."

THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

PAY YOU WELL.